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The Missile



PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Vol. xxxix

MAY - 1951

No. 1

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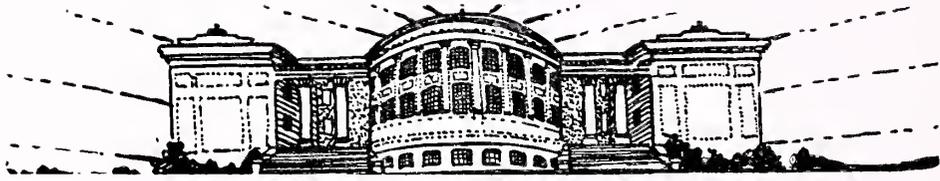
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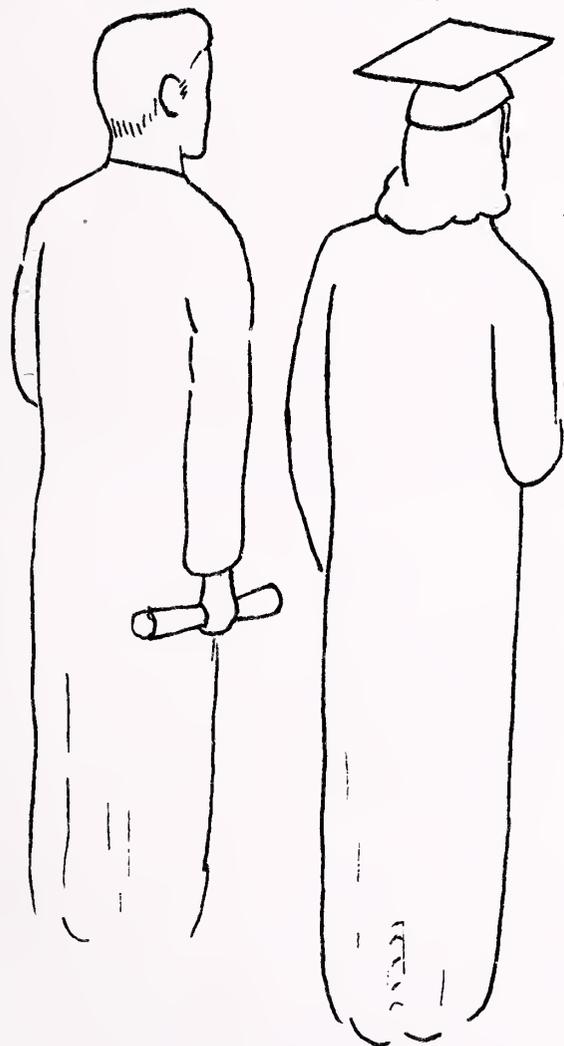
MR. E. B. CONGDON



Petersburg High School

**Senior
Section**

1951



Don
JAMES

Class Poem . . .

JOURNEY

By DICK GOFF

*This life is but a journey with joy and strife,
And school is but the point of embarkation
From which we begin the turbulent voyage
of life,
And then move onward towards our
destination.*

*The path we take will be of our own
choosing,
For we alone must plan our life's desire.
But on the journey, many will look
and, musing,
Think the goal seems ever farther and higher.*

*But everyone must look ahead, and find
That dreams are always waiting there until
They can be reached, and sorrows left
behind.*

*Though struggle we must, our dreams are
hard to fulfill.*

*Whatever comes, for all there lies the way
Which all must follow; each, a different
route.*

*And finding what those before have found,
they'll say,*

*"The goal, if won, is not always without
pursuit."*

Dudley Eugene Atkinson
John Lee Anderson

P



1

Barbara Lee Webb
Rose Marie Currin
Sara Joan Pulley

H



9

Claude Eldridge Jordan
Willie Earl Wells, Jr.
Leonard Layton Lewis
Carl Grant Driskill

S



5

Joan Muriel Aldridge
Jean Young Aldridge
Walter Clarence Show
June Eleanor Simmons
Carrie Estelle Harrison



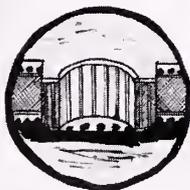
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Barbara Lee Nugent
Betty Lou Martin
Joyce Mae Keys
Carolyn Rebecca Dimirack
Hubert Lee Adkins



David Gerald Mingea
Ronald Leon Fink
Shirley Young Crumpler
Sallie Jean Slaughter
Ray Fitzgerald Eubank
Guy Bernard Rose, Jr.



James Robert Mann
Shirley Loekett Marks
Edward Lee Riggins
Joseph Raymond Vest



P



Nell Burrell Williams
George Menefee Willis, Jr.

1

H



Lloyd Elwood Guerin
Dorothy Umstead McCaleb
Thelbert Dean Wyatt

9

S



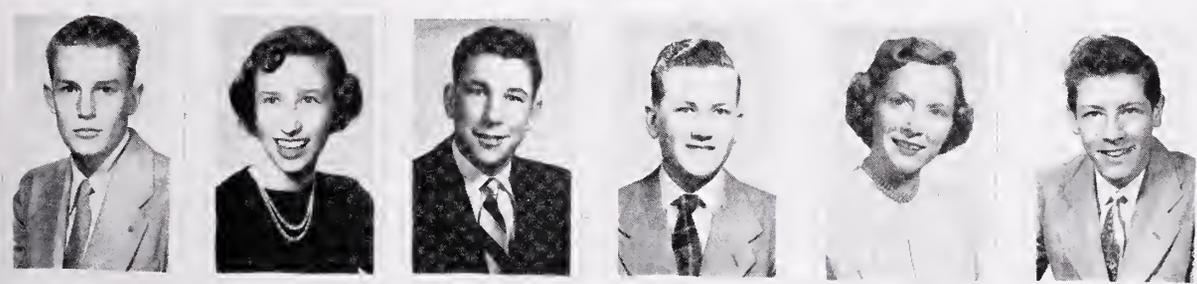
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Constance Ann Fockler
Robert Bradley Scott
Betty Grace Nance

5

1



Lockwood Dexter Street
Marvin Winfree Gill, III
Virginia Dale Richards
Charles Boshier Snyder
Charles Albert Sherry



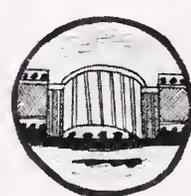
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Joan Merrill Evans
Robert Armstrong McKenney, III
Robert Edwin Smith
Mary Jane Thompson
Walter Rufus Massey, Jr.



Richard Franklin Brooks
Eleanor Steere Harwell
Joyce Elaine Welch
Joyce Elaine Munford
Gracia Lea Mason
Alfred Eugene Jordan



Johnnie Carroll Robertson, Jr.
Louise Inman Coffey
Jean Carolyn Anthony
Douglas Augustine Rawlings, Jr.



Annie Mae Flowers
Charles Thomas Barham

P



I

Barbara Ann Byrd
Mary Annette Moody
Mary Ann Crawford

H



9

Lewis Charley Garber
Evelyn Delight Strole
Peggy Ann Hawkins
Edwin Joseph Hrouda

S



5

Kenneth Claiborne Jones
Marion Louise Michael
James Charles Dickinson
Jean Russell Bunker
Clayton Eugene Wells



Mary Elizabeth Bugg
Charlie Marshall Williams
Dorothy Anne Ridout
Leon Anderson Wilkison
Mildred Elizabeth Goddard
Haskell Lee Counts, Jr.



Elmer Marvin Traylor
Alma Irene Pettijohn
Betty Lou Fuller
William Earl Moore
Harriet Russell Baxter
Thomas Lynn Akins



Ronald Glenn Ridout
Lawrence Edwin Tudor
Charles Hale Carden
James Francis Green



P



I

Elizabeth Ann Harvell
James Edward Howerton

H



9

Mildred Frances Burrell
Evelyn Anne Radcliffe
Janet Mason Cates

5

S



James Cecil Brantley
Doris Jeanette Curlin
Betty Lou Warren
Howard Farley Gittman, Jr.



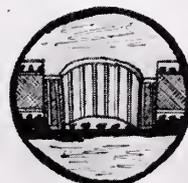
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Louis Earl Phelps
George Albert Porter, Jr.
Thomas Irby Blankenship
Audrey Miles Cheely



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Delores Anne Ozmore
William Nathaniel Yancey, Jr.
Olyn LeRoy Stables, Jr.
Dorothy Anne Pillow
William Marshall Andrews



Joseph Mersel
Robert Berkeley Peebles
Oliver Allen Pamplin
Evelyn Mae Gibbs
David Bruce Young
Wilbur Louis Schrum, Jr.



Wilbur Marvin Sirles
David Mason Laushey
William Henry Rosser, Jr.
Wallace Orwig Faison

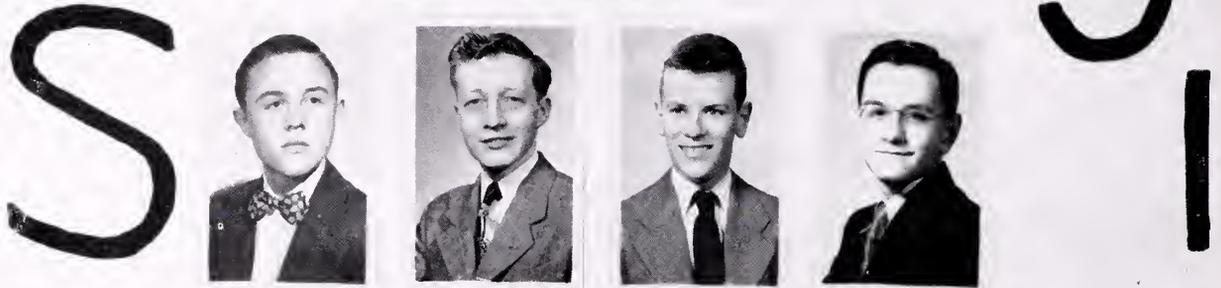
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Kenneth McKeaver Sanderson



Lucia Gaynelle Perkinson
Willie Franklin Pinkleton
Sandra Holt Lea



Robert Hal Harris
Gene Lloyd Barham
Richard Davis Coft
James Pinckney Wightman



Virginia Lee Johnson
Geraldine Shreeve
Elton Calvin Howerton
Rosa May Boswell
Mildred Louise Chappell



Bernice Rebecca Spain
Richard Turner Short
Rebecca Lee Barfield
Franklin Edward Wawner, Jr.
Constance Rushmore
Lawrence Carvel Pinkleton



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Barbara Helen Webster
James Weldon Smith, III
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Seaton Elliott Smith, Jr.
Joyce Mae Marsh



Samuel William McEwen
Ralph Alder Rogers
Richard Byrd Pratt
William Henry James



P



1

Barbara Jean Harrison
Robert Young Holland

H



9

5

Barbara Jean Williamson
Ruth Frances Bragg
Phyllis Jean Sykes

S



1

Jean Burrell Funk
Joseph Thompson Williams
Marion Alexander Jones, Jr.
Elizabeth Marie Nemecek



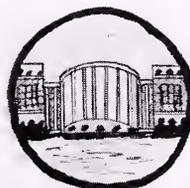
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Ralph Malcolm Cogle
Rebecca Ann Hamm
Frank Adrian Jeffers
Charlene Kinker



Janet Wilson Aldridge
Norma Christine Moore
Robert Lee Baxter
Harvey Lloyd Ford, Jr.
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Patria Remy

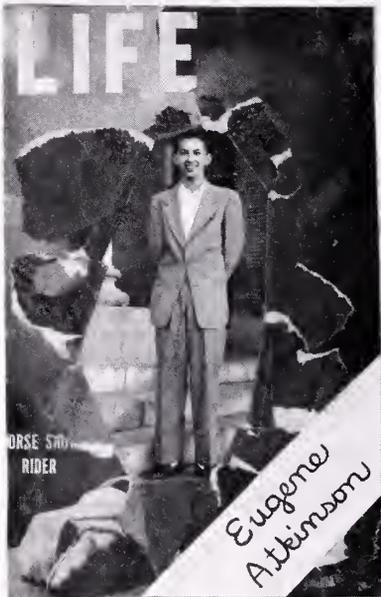


Rachel Louise Wall
William Marvin Lester
Mary Frances Williams
Joyce Marie Stark
Joseph Anton Cizek
Martha Ann Eanes



Joseph Harold Kidd
Mary Ann Skelton
Robert Franklin Harvell

Best All-Round



Craziest



Best Looking



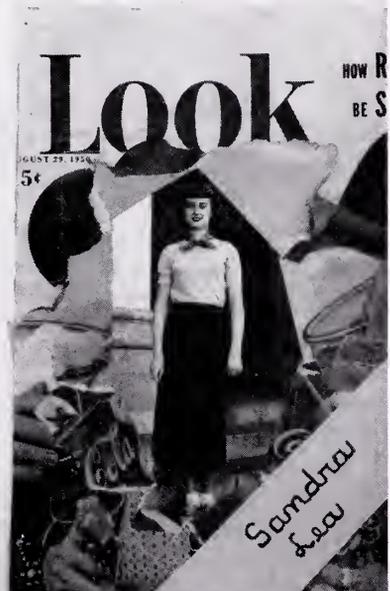
WHO'S WHO



Best All-Round



Craziest



Best Looking

Brainiest



Biggest Flirt



Best Girl Athlete



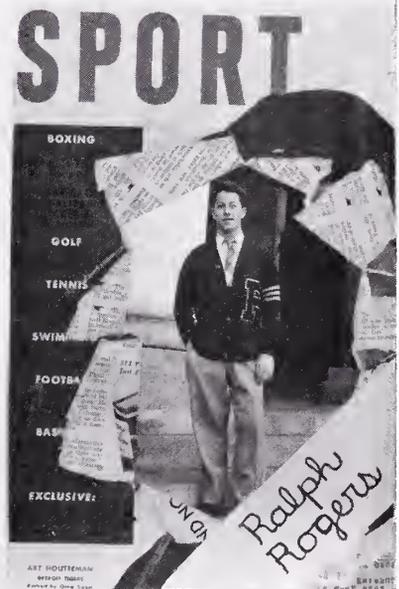
FEB., 1951



Brainiest



Biggest Flirt



Best Boy Athlete

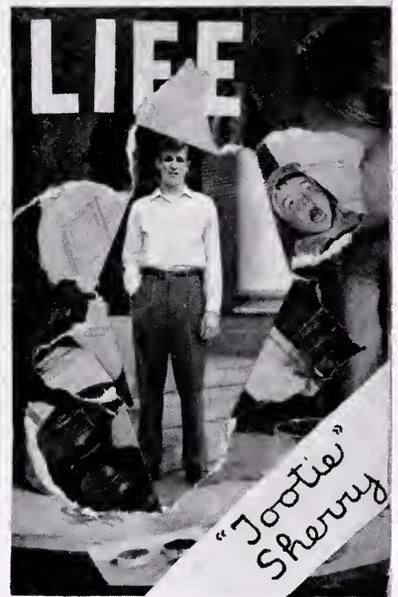
Best Looking



Craziest



Best All-Rounder



WHO'S WHO



Best Looking



Craziest



Best All-Rounder

Biggest Flirt



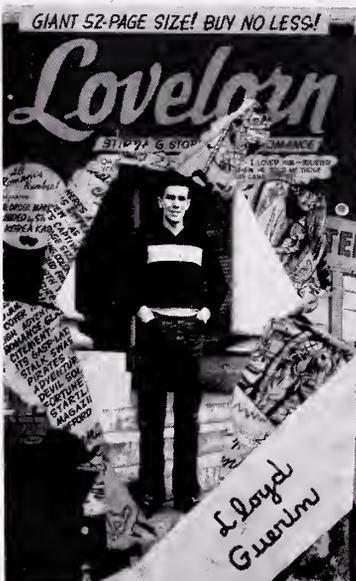
Brainiest



Best Girl Athlete



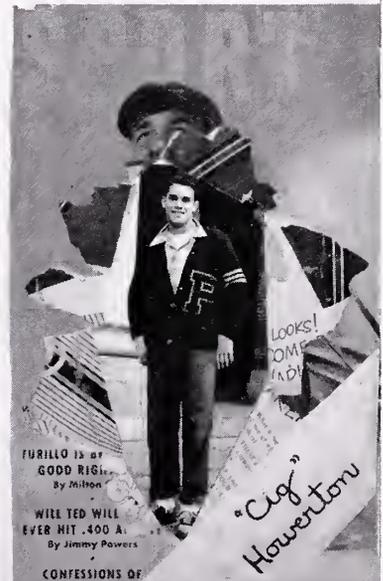
JUNE, 1951



Biggest Flirt



Brainiest



Best Boy Athlete



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Clerk Barbara Joyner
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Librarian Mrs. Gladys Barreto

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 Helen Wilson
 Mary Bailey
 Frances Evans
 Shirley Williams
 Janie Reynolds

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 Elsie Chapman
 Kathrine Warner
 Elizabeth Davics
 Catherine Hogge
 Mary Perkins
 Frances Morgan
 Barbara Joyner

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 Pauline Robertson
 Helen Holbrook
 Ellen Moyer
 Georgia Wood
 Gladys Wilkinson
 Gladys Barreto
 Laura Meredith
 Frances Browning

Fourth Row
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 D. Pinckney Powers
 Robert Eason
 Horace Knight
 H. S. Holmes
 Russell B. Gill

Fifth Row
 E. B. Congdon
 E. L. Wilson
 Charlie Ellis
 Carter Murphy
 I. B. Pittman
 J. W. Sutherland



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Vice-President Charles Snyder

June Class

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Vice-President Bob Rennicks

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Bobby Scott
 Dorothy McCaleb
 Charles Snyder
 Harry Brownlee
 Betty Nance
 Bob Rennicks
 Mr. H. A. Miller
 Joan Evans



THE SENATE

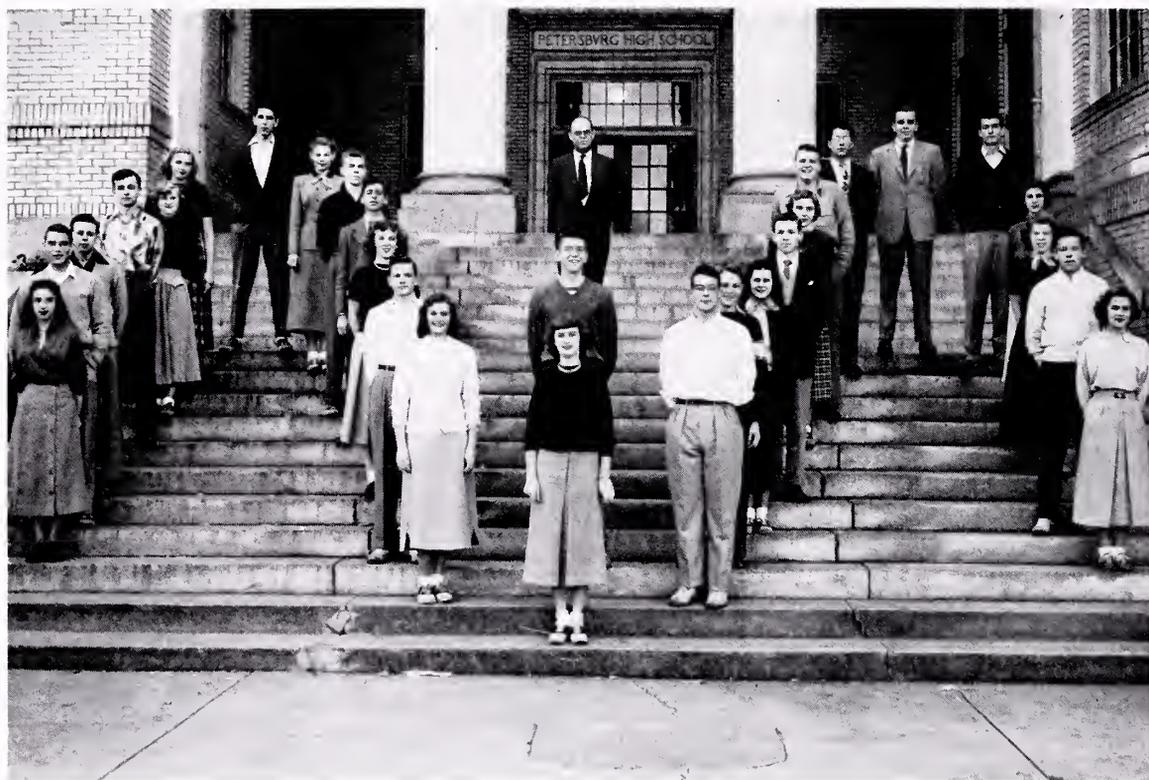
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Vice-President Lloyd Guerin
Secretary-Treasurer Frances Sherry
Faculty Adviser Miss Elizabeth Davies

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 Charles Snyder

Second Row
 Lloyd Guerin
 Frances Sherry

Third Row
 Miss Elizabeth Davies
 Rosalind Mollock
 Ronnie Smith
 Betty Nance

Fourth Row
 Jack Harvey
 David Laushey
 Rosa May Boswell
 Harriet Wyche



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 Vice-President Weldon Smith
 Secretary Louise Coffey
 Adviser Mr. H. S. Holmes

Spring Semester

President Louise Coffey
 Vice-President Laura Mae Reames
 Secretary Barbara Spurr
 Adviser Mr. H. S. Holmes

Left to Right

Laura Mae Reames	Weldon Smith
Calvin Howerton	James Gibbs
Jimmy Smith	Geraldine Shreeve
David Young	Sam McEwen
Dorothy Pillow	Barbara Spurr
Davidina Partin	Charlie Williams
Charles Barham	Ralph Rogers
Annie Mae Flowers	Buddy Gill
Dexter Street	Carlton Inge
Donald Nobles	Ruth Partin
Rosa Mae Boswell	Clara Graham
Bobby Scott	Paul Williams
Louise Coffey	Kay Sullivan
Sandra Lea	

Behind Sandra Lea

Mr. H. S. Holmes
 Franklin Wawner



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Student Director Deno Jovaras

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John Wine	Gene Porter	Donald Lockett	Billy Durphey
Robert Walker	Kenneth Ellis	David Laushey	Mac Francis
Whitney Harwell	Robert Miles	Bonnie Little	Frank Jeffers
Gerald Nobles	Eleanor Harwell	Barbara Beville	Billy Shiner
Alton Mattox	Joyce Munford	Jacqueline Humphries	Ann Harrison
Deno Jovaras	David James	Carolyn Horne	Jack Harvey
Frank Crumpler	Janice Wine	D'Este Poole	Terry Collett
Donald Frenier	LeRoy Stables	Clifford Kalb	Robert Moyer
James Rust	James Snead	Robert Myers	Connie Traylor
Bobby Gobble			Betsy Bruner
Ronald Simon			
Claiborne Edwards			
Herbert Clarke			
Billy Hobeck			
Bobby Clarke			
Louis Phelps			



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| Shirley Brooks | Phyllis Hirshorn | Tom Akins |
| Pat Murdock | Betty Jean Britt | Willie Mangum |
| Betty Sue Starr | Frances Bailey | Shirley Marks |
| Delores Lyons | Joyce Baird | Ralph Hitchcock |
| Joan Lemon | Pat Harrell | Calvin Akins |
| Jean Talley | Betty Lu Estes | Glenn Myrick |
| Mildred Traylor | Juanita Puryear | Albert Dyson |
| Parker Cunningham | Elaine Perkins | Raymond Brockwell |
| Jane Wade | Dora Fields | Wade Munford |
| Betty Jean Shackelford | Phyllis Gee | Lloyd Sholes |
| Yvonne Caudle | Joyce Jefferson | |
| Beverly Whiting | Mr. Morgan Smart | |
| Joyce Sherrill | | |



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Vice-President Rosalind Mollock
Secretary Phyliss Gee
Treasurer Catherine Capehart
Faculty Adviser Mr. E. L. Wilson

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 Catherine Capehart
 Rosalind Mollock

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 Betty Walls
 William Ritchie
 Raymond Birdsong
 Pat Remeny

Third Row
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 Anita Fletcher
 Mildred Layne
 Shirley Cole
 Oliver Pamplin
 Dorothy McCaleb
 Catherine Goodwyn

Fourth Row
 Delight Strole
 Calvin Akins
 James Green
 Lottie Fisher
 Dora Fields
 Barbara Flye
 Doris Francis
 Dick Short



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Secretary-Treasurer Barbara Webb
Reporter Joan Pulley
Faculty Adviser Mr. E. B. Congdon

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 Gene Barham
 Kenneth Jones
 Barbara Webb
 Mac McCants
 Rose Marie Currin
 Kenneth Jackson
 Ruth Tipton
 Howard Sherman
 Ruth Anna Taylor



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Reporter Faye Pond
Faculty Adviser Miss Helen Scarborough

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Vice-President Jean Landrum
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Treasurer Parker Cunningham
Reporter Faye Pond
Faculty Adviser Miss Helen Scarborough

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 Janet Cates
 Nancy Perdue
 Faye Pond
 Parker Cunningham

Second Row
 Miss Helen Scarborough
 Pat Murdock
 Lucy Bridgman
 Mary Ellen Hodge
 Lucille Major
 Joan Scott
 Velma Talbott
 Anita Lunsford

Third Row
 Shirley Brooks
 Vivian Williams
 Mildred Burrell
 Evelyn Radcliffe
 Delores Lyons
 Mildred Traylor
 Jean Landrum

Fourth Row
 Elinor Dorsk
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Fourth Row
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 Earl Moore
 Weldon Peterson
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 Joan Lemon
 Betty Lou Fuller

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 Audrey Cheely
 Ann Poole
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 June Pond
 Joyce Long

Seventh Row
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 Barbara Flye
 Lottie Fisher
 Gloria Wilkinson
 Shirley Brooks
 Barbara Stanton
 Joyce Sherrill

Eighth Row
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 Louise Michael
 Elaine Perkins
 Barbara Procise
 Connie Rushmore
 Shirley Pond
 Juanita Puryear
 Barbara Webster
 Mary Bugg
 Oliver Pamplin

Ninth Row
 Barbara Webb
 Shirley Crumpler
 Ernestine Strange
 Frances Bailey

Tenth Row
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 Phyllis Sykes
 Gaynelle Perkinson
 Rebecea Hamm
 Barbara Harrison
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 Jean Slaughter
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Faculty Adviser Miss Gladys E. Wilkinson

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 James Wightman
 Bobby Harris

Second Row
 Pat Remeny
 Jean Anthony
 Sally Souder
 Phyllis Kamm

Third Row
 John Myers
 Gerald Mingea
 Delight Strole
 Leonard Hylbert
 Robert Scott

Fourth Row
 Bobby Smith
 Miss Gladys Wilkinson



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Secretary-Treasurer Janet Cates
Faculty Adviser Miss Ann Van Landingham

Spring Semester

President Mildred Burrell
Vice-President Barbara Bolte
Secretary-Treasurer Anna Baugh
Reporter Nancy Cheek
Faculty Adviser Miss Ann Van Landingham

Clockwise

Mildred Burrell
 Barbara Bolte
 Janet Cates
 Faye Pond
 Evelyn Radcliffe
 Nancy Perdue
 Nancy Cheek
 Catherine Blair
 Anita Webb

To Side

Miss VanLandingham



PEP CLUB

President Louise Coffey
Faculty Adviser Miss Mary Bailey

First Letter P
 Miss Mary Bailey
 Janet Butler
 Gayle Swanson
 Betty Lewis
 Jenny Lou Bell
 Juanita Puryear
 Joyce Long
 Anita Webb
 Nancy Douglas
 Barbara Stanton
 Betty Sue Starr
 Nancy Crowther
 Floretta Klinger
 Ann Wagner
 Betty Lou Fuller
 Rose Marie Currin
 Arline Burnett

Letter E
 Barbara Jones
 Betty Hinton
 Ann Schmitz
 Mildred Hall
 Gayle Peoples
 Jean Talley
 Betty Shackelford
 Jean Landrum
 Shirley Hardy
 Mary Talmage
 Ann Robertson
 Mary Allen Petrie
 Shirley Crumpler
 Bryant Pope
 Harriet Wyche
 Mary Woodrum Jones
 Gene Nickelson
 Dot Blanton
 Rose Jackson
 Anita Lunsford

Second Letter P
 Elinor Dorsk
 Joyce Daniel
 Anna Baugh
 Beverly Bowman
 Barbara Winfield
 Barbara Goodman
 Charlotte Pugh
 Pat Harris
 Phyllis Hirshhorn
 Nancy Moore
 Frances Bailey
 Rosalind Mollock
 Anita Fletcher
 Than Penington
 Jane Wade

*Front Row,
 Cheer Leaders*
 Betty Nance
 Bobby Scott
 Laura Mae Reames
 Louise Coffey
 Rosa May Boswell
 Charles Snyder
 Barbara Spurr



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Secretary-Treasurer Sarah Jane Ellis

Spring Semester

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Vice-President Sarah Jane Ellis
Secretary-Treasurer Dale Richards
Faculty Adviser Miss Ellen Moyer

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 Sandra Lea
 Sarah Jane Ellis

Second Row

Billie Parker
 Rosalind Mollock
 Lisa Goodman
 Louise Coffey
 Eleanor Harwell

Third Row

Harriet Wyche
 Barbara Winfield
 Dale Richards
 Carolyn Harville
 Delight Strole

Fourth Row

Miss Ellen Moyer
 Mary Woodrum Jones
 Bryant Pope
 Barbara Goodman
 Marca Moscoso
 Mary Jane Thompson



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Vice-President Barbara Spurr
Treasurer Kay Sullivan
Secretary (Fall) Virginia Johnson
(Spring) Ann Wagner

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 Rosa May Boswell

Second Row
 Barbara Spurr
 Virginia Johnson
 Kay Sullivan

Third Row
 Joan Pulley
 Ruth Partin
 Geraldine Shreeve

Fourth Row
 Annette Moody
 Barbara Jones
 Annie Mae Flowers

Fifth Row
 Dorothy Blanton
 Betty Sullivan
 Peggy Woodruff
 Shirley Perkins
 Ann Wagner

Back Row
 Miss Catherine Hogge
 Peggy Talley
 Jeannine Fenderson
 Jean Jones



MEADE HI-Y

Fall Semester

President Dick Vaughan
Vice-President Lloyd Guerin
Secretary-Treasurer Billie Ritche
Chaplain Jimmie Spain
Sergeant-at-Arms Kenneth Sanderson
Adviser Mr. W. E. Johnson, Jr.

Spring Semester

President Kenneth Sanderson
Vice-President Charles Barham
Secretary Richard Brooks
Treasurer Oliver Pamplin

Left to Right

Dick Vaughan	Jimmy Wightman
Lloyd Guerin	Richard Brooks
Bobby Harris	Jimmy Spain
Donnie Ellington	Charles Barham
Kenneth Sanderson	Gene Barham
David Young	Oliver Pamplin
	Billy Ritchie



COCKADE HI-Y

Fall Semester

President Robert Rennicks
Vice-President Bobby Scott
Secretary Seaton Smith
Treasurer Mac Francis
Chaplain Dexter Street
Adviser Bill Cato

Spring Semester

President Robert Rennicks
Vice-President John Wine
Secretary Donald James
Treasurer Mac Francis
Chaplain Dexter Street
Adviser Bill Cato

First Row

Robert Rennicks

Second Row

Bobby Scott
Seaton Smith

Third Row

Billy Lamb
David James
Mac Francis

Fourth Row

Charles Snyder
Sandy Evans
Buddy Gill
Charles Sherry
Donald James

Fifth Row

Sonny Ralston
Jimmie Howerton
Bobby Traylor
Thomas Berry
James Camp
George Robinson

Sixth Row

Bill Cato
Enders Parker
Olin Ferguson
Page Sutherland
Dexter Street
John Wine

Seventh Row

Ronnie Smith
D. J. Hughes
Albert McCants



K. WARNER TRI-HI-Y

Fall Semester

President Dorothy Pillow
Vice-President Elizabeth Harvell
Secretary Kitty Davis
Treasurer Barbara Nugent
Chaplain Betty Lou Martin
Adviser Miss Willis

Spring Semester

President Jean Landrum
Vice-President Barbara Nugent
Secretary Kitty Davis
Treasurer Carolyn Dimirack
Chaplain Anna Baugh

Left to Right

Shirley Cole	Martha Ann Warren
Dorothy Perkins	Kitty Davis
Shirley Perkins	Jean Landrum
Dorothy Blanton	Betty Lou Warren
Anna Baugh	Sarah Spain
Faye Pond	Ann Ozmore
Dorothy Pillow	Carolyn Dimirack
Barbara Nugent	Annie Mae Flowers
Elizabeth Harvell	Katherine Capehart
Betty Lou Martin	



T. ALBRIGHT TRI-HI-Y

President Rosa Mae Boswell
Vice-President Barbara Spurr
Secretary Laura Mae Reames
Treasurer Sandra Lea
Sergeant-at-Arms Shirley Jolly
Chaplain Betty Nance
Faenlty Adviser Miss Elsie Mae Chapman

First Row
 Rosa Mae Boswell

Second Row
 Barbara Spurr
 Laura Mae Reames

Third Row
 Shirley Jolly
 Betty Nance
 Sandra Lea

Fourth Row
 Geraldine Shreeve
 Ann Gibson
 Ruth Partin
 Kathryn Sullivan

Fifth Row
 Davidina Partin
 Peggy Woodruff
 Virginia Johnson
 Sue Wilson
 Annette Moody
 Louise Coffey



PENCE TRI-HI-Y

Fall Semester

President Joan Evans
Vice-President Sarah Jane Ellis
Secretary Louise Michael
Treasurer Sally Knight
Chaplain Eleanor Harwell
Faculty Adviser Miss Helen Holbrook

Spring Semester

President Connie Fockler
Vice-President Clara Graham
Secretary Mary Jones
Treasurer Marea Moscoso
Chaplain Lisa Goodman
Faculty Adviser Miss Helen Holbrook

First Row
 Joan Evans

Second Row
 Miss Helen Holbrook
 Sally Knight
 Sarah Jane Ellis

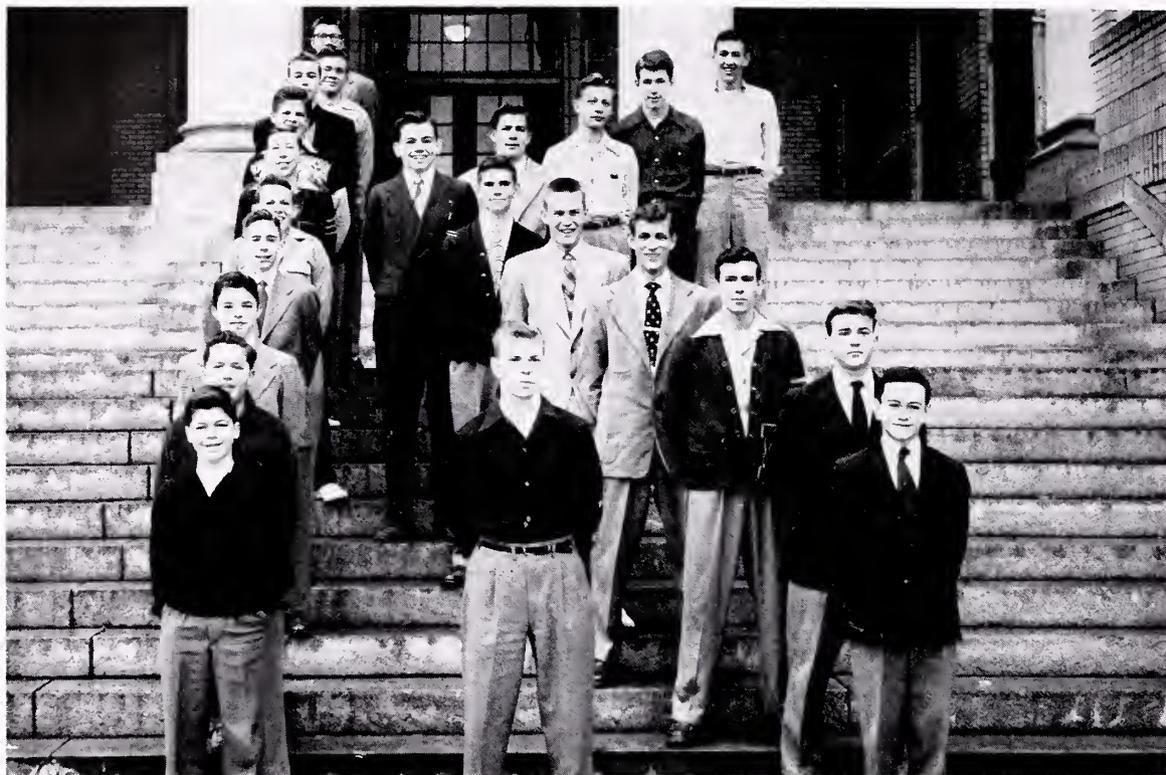
Third Row
 Louise Michael
 Eleanor Harwell
 Joyce Keys

Fourth Row
 Jean Bunker
 Jean Anthony
 Delores Cousins
 Dale Richards

Fifth Row
 Pat Harris
 Betty Hinton
 Dot McCaleb
 Lisa Goodman
 Marea Moscoso

Sixth Row
 Mary Woodrum Jones
 June Simmons
 Elizabeth Williams
 Carolyn Harville
 Connie Fockler
 Frances Sherry

Seventh Row
 Barbara Jones
 Clara Graham



KEY CLUB

Fall Semester

President Dexter Street
Vice-President John Anderson
Secretary James Wightman
Treasurer Billy Lamb

Spring Semester

President Jimmy Wheatley
Vice-President Frank Pilcher
Secretary James Camp
Treasurer Robert Rennicks

*First Row,
Front to Back*

Billy Lamb
 Ronnie Smith
 Donald James
 Jack Harvey
 Mac Francis
 Seaton Smith
 Sandy Evans
 James Camp
 David Laushey
 Donald Lockett

*Second Row,
Front to Back*

James Wightman
 John Anderson
 Lloyd Guerin
 Charles Sherry
 Robert Rennicks
 Billy Shiner
 John Wine
 Woodrow Traylor
 Gene Barham
 James Wheatley
 James Howerton

Center Front
 Dexter Street



LIBRARY STAFF

President Enders Parker
Vice-President Lillian Lester
Secretary Marie Skelton
Librarian Mrs. Gladys Barreto

First Row
 Elizabeth Lewis
 Rose Jackson
 Martha Anne Ryan
 Lillian Lester
 Velma Talbott
 Mildred Hall
 Bettie Mae Adams

Second Row
 Carolyn Swanson
 Catherine Blair
 Eva Talbott
 Ernestine Strange
 Jean Walston
 Lucy Halloway
 Marie Skelton
 Robert Miles

Third Row
 Mrs. Barreto
 Peggy Adams
 Shirley Crumpler
 Shirley Holland
 Anita Fletcher
 Evelyn Vaughan
 Barbara Bristow
 Burrell Williams

Fourth Row
 George Dempsey
 Bruce Moore
 K. B. Maddrey
 Phillip Underwood
 Oliver Pamplin
 John Everman
 Donald Nobles



PROJECTION CREW

Crew Manager Samuel McEwen
Assistant Managers Wallace Faison, Johnnie Robertson
Secretary-Treasurer Jimmy Spain
Faculty Adviser Mr. H. S. Holmes

First Row
 Joe Mersel
 Louis Phelps
 Wallace Faison
 Ronald Fink
 Johnnie Robertson
 Samuel McEwen

Second Row
 David Young
 Marion Jones
 James Green
 John Wine

Third Row
 Jimmy Spain
 Mr. H. S. Holmes
 Albert McCants



VARSIITY CHEER LEADERS

Head Cheer Leader Rosa May Boswell
Mascots Sheila Kitchen and Becky Sue Davis
Faculty Adviser Miss Mary Bailey

First Row
 Rosa May Boswell
 Becky Sue Davis

Second Row
 Betty Nance
 Laura Mae Reames
 Barbara Spurr

Third Row
 Bobby Scott
 Dexter Street
 Miss Bailey
 Bobby Rennicks
 Charles Snyder



JUNIOR VARSITY CHEER LEADERS

Head Cheer Leader Louise Coffey
Faculty Adviser Miss Mary Bailey

Joan Aldridge
Betty Hinton
Charlotte Pugh

Louise Coffey
Jean Aldridge
Frances Sherry



FOOTBALL TEAM

Captain Charlie Williams
Manager Bobby Adkins
Coaches Mr. Roland C. Day, Mr. Robert Kilbourne,
 Mr. Robert Eason, Mr. William Safko, Mr.
 Charlie Ellis

First Row
 Dick Engels
 Ralph Rogers
 "Cig" Howerton
 Leon Wilkinson
 Charlie Williams
 "Snookie" Wawner
 Ralph Cogle
 Bruce Moore
 K. B. Maddrey

Second Row
 "Monk" Nunnally
 Woodrow Traylor
 W. F. Dance
 "Sugar" Blankenship
 Weldon Smith
 "Tootie" Sherry
 Johnny Myers
 Gilbert Dance
 Billy James

Third Row
 Buddy Rawlings
 Jimmy Brantley
 Howard Gittman
 Joe Cizek
 Frank Pilcher
 Olin Ferguson
 Paul Williams
 Maurice Barlow



BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Captain Lloyd Guerin
 Manager Bobby Clarke
 Coach Bob Kilbourne

First Row
 "Cig" Howerton
 "Snookie" Wawner
 Lloyd Guerin
 Clarence Dodson
 Dexter Street

Second Row
 Leslie Simmons
 Jimmy Wheatley
 "Sugar" Blankenship
 Nelson Ramsey
 Frank Pilcher
 D. J. Hughes



GIRLS' FIELD HOCKEY TEAM

Co-Captain Mildred Burrell
Co-Captain Barbara Bolte
Co-Manager Jean Landrum
Co-Manager Anna Baugh
Coach Miss Ann Van Landingham

<i>First Row</i>	<i>Second Row</i>
Lucille Watson	Jean Landrum
Joan Beach	Mary Talmage
Catherine Blair	Ruth Tipton
Kit Johnson	Betty Jean Britt
Alice Walker	Anita Webb
Mildred Burrell	Nancy Cheek
Barbara Bolte	Barbara Stanton
Ruth Anna Taylor	Arline Burnette
Edna Mae Hubbard	Betty Lou Radcliffe
Juanita Puryear	Anna Baugh
Bonnie Little	Miss Van Landingham



GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Captain Barbara Bolte
Co-Manager Joyce Keys
Co-Manager Catherine Blair
Coach Miss Ann Van Landingham

First Row
 Catherine Blair
 Betty Lou Martin
 Bonnie Little
 Ruth Anna Taylor
 Barbara Bolte
 Nancy Perduc
 Kit Johnson
 Barbara Nugent
 Joyce Keys

Second Row
 Anita Webb
 Joan Aldridge
 Carolyn Dimirack
 Ruth Partin
 Arline Burnette
 Alice Walker
 Faye Pond
 Delores Cousins
 Miss VanLandingham

AUTOGRAPHS

AUTOGRAPHS

“Those Far-away Places”

Prologue

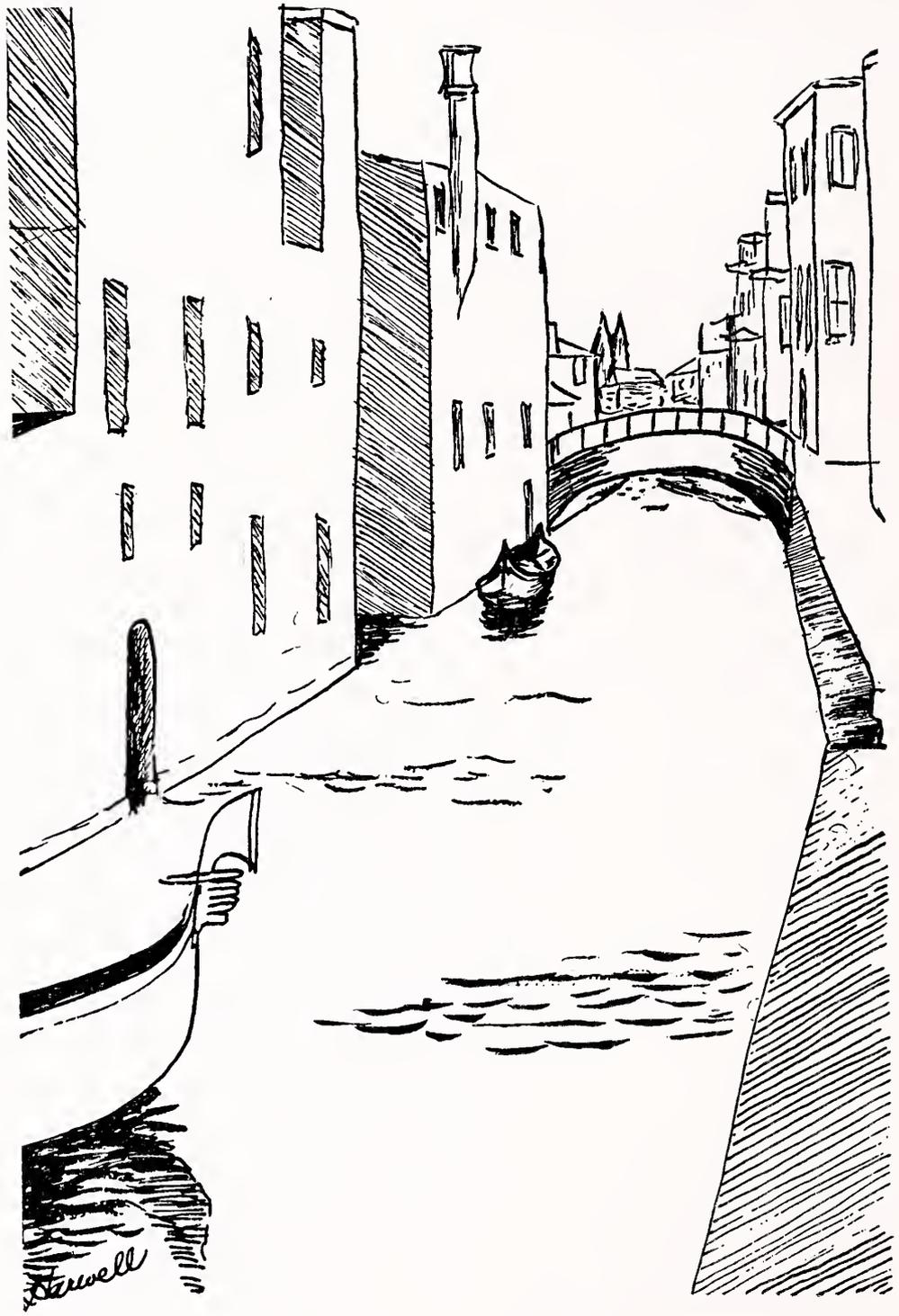
By DOROTHY McCALEB

FEVER SINCE Fort Lee was reopened at the beginning of World War II, there have been quite a number of "Army Brats" (as they are sometimes called) attending P. H. S. They have earned for themselves a definite place in the scheme of things. Many of these students have had the experience of living in foreign countries, so we have devoted this section of the "Missile" to some of their experiences.

With the world situation what it is at present, it is more important than ever to know something about our neighbors, and it is easier to know them through personal contact. Through these articles, the people who have had this personal contact are sharing their impressions with the rest of us.

Here we shall go picnicking on a beach near Manila and swim unknowingly in shark-infested waters, and climb Mt. Fujiyama. We shall pay a visit to the schools of Scotland and ride in a gondola up Venice's Grand Canal. We shall travel around Germany and throw a snowball at a Polish guard. We shall meet an old Chinese servant and a Japanese guide with a fascinating story to tell.

So as the sun sinks over the horizon, we set sail for our round-the-world cruise by ship, airplane, or oxcart — take your choice.



Experiences In Germany

By SANDY EVANS

YOU CAN IMAGINE my surprise when I found out I was going to Germany. After we had had our furniture packed and crated we started for Fort Hamilton, New York. When we got to Fort Hamilton we were told that the ship was leaving for Germany in a couple of days. Due to numerous delays it was two weeks before we left Fort Hamilton.

I surely was excited when I heard we were really leaving. The trip over was uneventful. One thing I found out was that I should never join the Navy. I really got seasick.

When our ship docked at Bremerhaven, Germany, there was an Army band playing. I really felt important to be one of the dependents on the ship. The Red Cross gave us some coffee and we started for Frankfort, Germany, where my father was stationed.

The train ride to Frankfort was my first good look at Germany. As the train rolled along through the farm country I was really impressed. The country was so beautiful it was beyond description. The variety of colors looked as if a giant quilt had been spread over the hillside. Farms in Germany are much neater than American farms. On this trip I also got my first view of the great destruction which

had come to Germany. All along the tracks lay bullet-riddled train cars which had been strafed by planes. Some of the houses I saw had only a staircase or a bathtub, which seemed to be hanging in mid-air. As I went through the city of Hanover, Germany, I could see nothing but ruins for miles around. The city had been one of the chief cities of the German Empire. After I had arrived in Frankfort we stayed at a mountain mansion of a former Nazi. While here a soldier took us to see some medieval castles. We would dip some paper in a gasoline tank, light it, and go exploring the dungeons. There were still some chains and shackles which have been used to bind the prisoners. After I had stayed here for a while I moved to Hochst.

Hochst was about fourteen miles from Frankfort. I lived here during my stay in Germany. The section where the Americans lived was called the compound, and was enclosed by a barbed wire fence. The fence was guarded by Polish soldiers, who weren't very friendly. American paratroopers guarded the gates. To get into the compound I had to have a card called an A. G. O. card. It had on it my fingerprints, picture, and physical description.

One winter night I was walking down a street which ran along the barbed-wire fence. I saw a Polish guard and decided to have some fun. I threw a snowball at him; he turned around and pointed his rifle at me. I never was so scared in my life. I thought he was going to shoot me. I had heard stories where Polish guards had shot and wounded Americans. After telling me something in Polish which I don't imagine was very complimentary the

guard walked off. I never threw another snowball at a Polish guard again.

While in Germany I went on some trips. On one of them I went to Berchtesgaden which was in the southern part of Germany. Berchtesgaden is located in the mountains at the bottom of the famous Alps.

From my hotel room I could see the purple mountains with their snow-capped peaks. I will never forget this sight as long as I live. When I got my first good look at Berchtesgaden I was surprised to see rocks on top of the houses. I was told they were to keep the shingles of the houses from blowing off during a storm. My first and last ride on a cable car was taken in Berchtesgaden. I started at the bottom of a mountain in a contraption suspended on two cables. After I got half-way up I looked down. It was a mighty "fer piece down, pardner". I surely was relieved when I got to the top of the mountains safely. In Berchtesgaden I saw Hitler's home. The floor went up in a V shape where the German S. S. troops had dynamited it. After getting into the house I carved my initials on the walls as thousands of soldiers had done before me. In Berchtesgaden the men wore short leather pants and hats with a brush of a horse's tail in them. Our German guide said he had been wearing his pants for twenty years.

One of the most memorable trips I took while I was in Germany was a trip to the little country of Luxembourg. On this trip I saw all sorts of planes and German tanks which had been disabled.

I surely got the urge to go into them, but we didn't have enough time. I saw some American tanks too. Our car travelled on the road General Patton had used on part of his famous drive to Germany. There were road blocks and tank traps all along the road which General Patton's troops had used. Just before we got into the city of Luxembourg we visited the Hamm Cemetery. Here is where General Patton and most of the soldiers who died with him are buried. It was an unforgettable sight. All over the hillside were the white crosses marking the graves of American soldiers.

One day while I was ice skating at a rink in the compound in Hochst I saw a Scotch soldier. I imagine you have seen pictures of Scotch soldiers in their kilts. Well, this Scotch soldier was wearing kilts. He surely did look funny. After he had rented his ice skates everyone stood around just waiting for him to step up to see what he wore under his kilts.

When I first arrived in Hochst the Americans fought the Germans all the time. We were like a bunch of dead-end kids. I don't guess this was very American-like since we were supposed to set an example for the Germans. The fighting stopped, however, after the barbed-wire fence was taken down. We soon made friends with the Germans. They really weren't so bad, after all. We taught them some American games and they liked them. The Germans impressed me as very industrious and ingenious people. I don't think many of them wanted the war, but they were led into it by Hitler and his followers.

The Schools Of Scotland

By CATHERINE BLAIR

A CHILD in Scotland starts school at five years of age. His holidays consist of Easter, which is about a week long; the summer holidays, approximately two months; the King's birthday, one day; Christmas and New Year holidays combined, around two weeks in duration.

The rest of the year, excluding Saturdays and Sundays, he goes to school from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon. The time allotted for lunch is one hour, when the student can either go home or eat at school. He is allowed fifteen minutes at eleven o'clock for playing in the school grounds.

The Elementary, or Grade school, as it is called here, consists of children approximately five to eleven years of age. For one year the child goes to school for only one-half a day, but after that the pupil goes at the regular school-time. When he breaks any of the school rules, the teacher punishes him by hitting him on the hand once or twice. It does not really hurt, but it certainly stings for a few minutes. The Elementary school resembles the American Grade School in the things taught, although they are taught in a different way. The student does not have any specific grades; he goes by the classroom numbers starting at the bottom and working up to the top of the school building. When he reaches the top classroom, he takes an examination called "The Qualifying."

If he passes, he goes on to the Secondary school in which is taught about three-fourths of what is taught at the Senior High school in this country. The grades are I-IV A or B. If he is smart, he goes through grades I-IVA, but if he isn't so smart, he goes through grades I-

IVB. In the A grades, a girl takes foreign languages, home economics, music, English, geography, history, about three different kinds of mathematics, art, some science, physical education, and other subjects. A boy takes the same subjects except that instead of home economics, he has some form of mechanics or engineering. The B grades do not have such a wide variety, a girl concentrating mostly on office work and home economics, a boy on mechanics, engineering, etc.

A boy and a girl go to the same school, but in separate parts of the building. A boy cannot see a girl except at lunch-time. The student has no choice in the subjects he takes, assuming the teachers know best. The discipline in the Scottish schools is very strict; if the pupil does break any rules, his punishment usually is to write about one or two hundred lines, "I shall not etc." If the pupil does not fail in anything, he graduates at about fifteen years of age. Before he can graduate, though, he has to take an examination on everything he has covered in general. What if he fails? Well, that's just too bad.

When the student has graduated from the Secondary school, he usually looks for a job. As the High Schools are private, and the average family does not have the money for their son or daughter to go to High School, he can get a good job without going there. A girl does not have to go to a High School to become a nurse.

If a boy or a girl goes to a High School, he gets a much better education there than if he went to an American High School. The reason for this, I suppose, is that as the education in the Secondary School is about three-fourths of that received in an American High School, a Scottish High School has to have higher education standards. Of course, many go to High Schools just to play sports, as none are played at Secondary Schools.

Only the very well-to-do go to college, as it takes a lot of money to go there; consequently, there are very few who go to college in Scotland.

“The Bride Of The Sea”

By SUSAN BLONDELL

IN APRIL, 1948, our family left Munich, Germany, to visit Italy for a few days. We traveled by car and reached Bolzano, Italy, the first day. After staying there overnight we proceeded to Venice. An enormous garage is situated just outside Venice. All cars must be left here as Venice is surrounded by water. The main forms of transportation are gondola, motor boat, and steam boat. Our family had never ridden in a gondola, so we decided to use it to go to our hotel. On the way, there were many interesting things to be seen. There were striped poles in front of some houses, painted with the colors of the family crests. These poles stood in the water and reminded me of large barber poles. A lot of houses were right on the water without even a doorstep. When we arrived at the hotel we came upon a modern building, with a small pretty patio. We put our things in our rooms and had dinner.

Although it was getting dark we were consumed with a burning curiosity to see more of the fascinating city. Therefore, we went to the heart of Venice, Saint Mark's Square. The square was very large and the buildings were all three or four stories high. St. Mark's Cathedral, a clock tower, and the Palace of Doges were the most unusual structures in the square. In the light of the full Venetian moon the famous old cathedral looked like lacework. Four famous horses adorn the outside of the cathedral, while the walls on the inside are covered with mosaics. This is one of the largest and most beautiful collections of mosaics in the world. It is in the Palace of the Doges that we found the famous and once dreaded Bridge of Sighs. The Bridge of Sighs is a covered passageway, leading to the dungeons of the palace. It was believed that once someone crossed it, he would never be seen again. The dungeons are very damp and cold, and they are filled with some ingenious methods of torture.

After walking around the square the family returned to the hotel, wondering what the next day would bring. And so ended our first day in Venice, “The Bride of the Sea.”



A Brook

By BETTY NANCE

*A brook is nothing but a child
That babbles gaily on its way,
And dances merrily o'er the rocks
So full and fresh it cannot stay;
But onward through the vale must run
As it frolics and plays beneath the sun.*

*Why don't you stop, you pretty thing
As down a hill you gaily slide?
But no, you must be on your way
To play on plains both green and wide.
Yes, you, small brook, with ways so wild
Are nothing but an eager child.*

Destiny

By ANN GIBSON

THE DAY we were to leave dawned clear and cool, and as we gathered our essentials together the wave of excitement began. Some of our comments ran like this:

"Wonder what it is like at the top?" . . . "Hope we all make it up and back in one piece," and "Now let me see, do I have everything?"

Finally the appointed hour of six arrived and everyone congregated in front of the Japanese country hotel where we had spent the last night. We were led down to Lake Hakone, a good mile walk, before breakfast was mentioned to us. Because it was compact and not apt to spoil, we had been advised to take only K-rations for the entire food supply. As I ate my powdered eggs and dry toast, it seemed impossible that we could actually climb the renowned mountain which was mirrored in the lake we were soon to cross.

At eight-thirty we found ourselves at the first station at the base of our challenge. Here our party, consisting of four men and three girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three, was turned over to an official mountain climber, Yashio. As he passed out the wooden walking poles to us, he smiled in a reassuring sort of way and we immediately knew that here was a guide to be trusted.

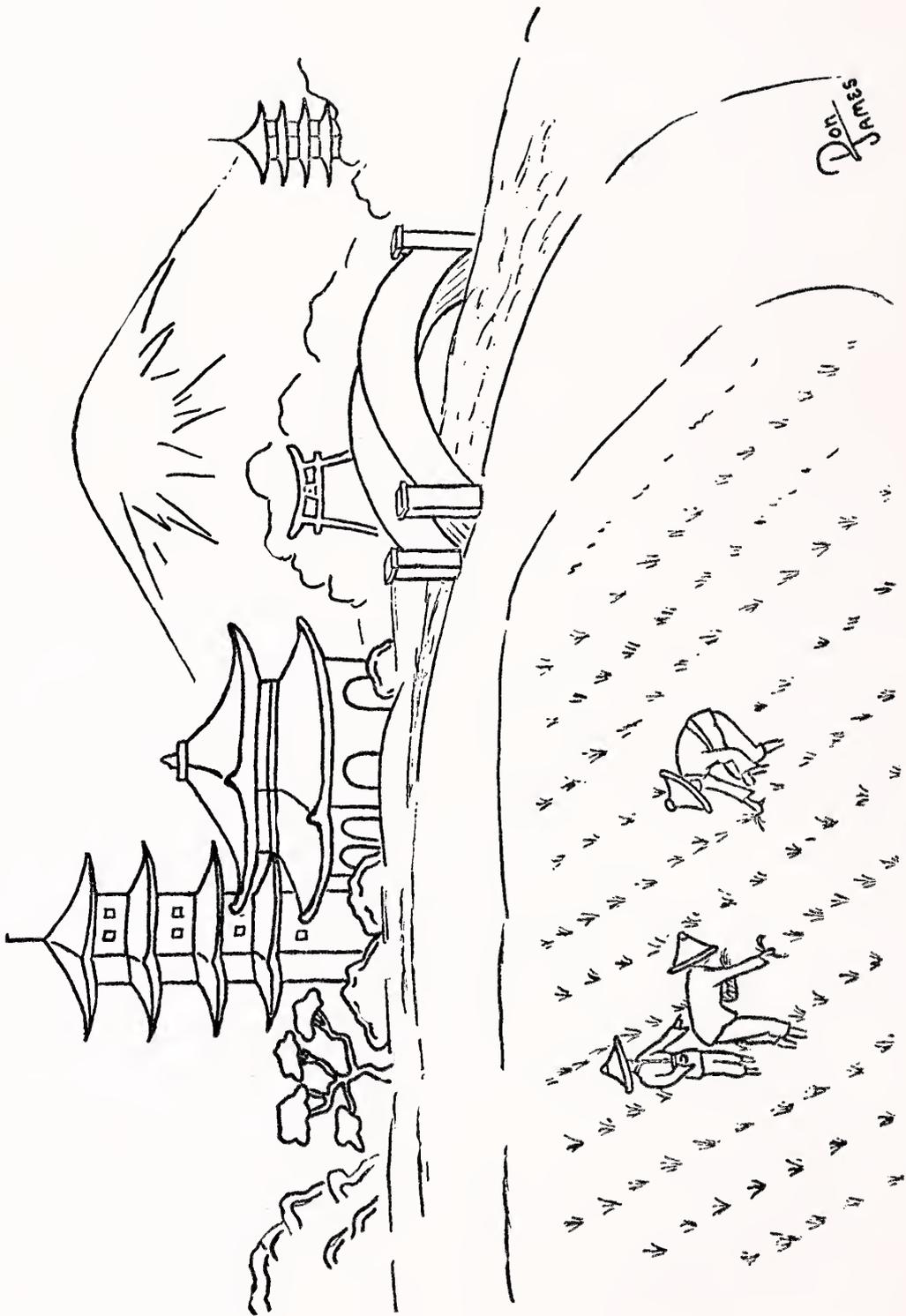
The ascent for the rest of the day was not too difficult, though the pace was a fast one and we were allowed only a fifteen

minute rest every three hours. By nightfall, we had reached the fifth of the nine stations and it was beginning to grow cold. Yashio informed us that there was a definite touch of snow in the air and that we had better stop for the night. Inside, we found a fairly small room with several habaichis (large china bowls filled with ashes and glowing coals on top used for heat) stationed in the center of a large group of Japanese. As we joined the circle, they handed each of us a cup of green tea and explained that they were making their pilgrimage to the temple at the brink of the volcano. While the evening progressed and the wind began to howl around the shelter, strange tales were told by our slant-eyed companions. These included stories of death on the mountain and of sudden snow storms which descended when all looked clear but an hour before.

The one which made the deepest impression on me was the tale of an old man who had been a guide since his youth. Year after year he trudged up and down the mountain until he became almost legendary. Then, when people began to wonder why he hadn't been seen at the new year celebration in the little village near Hakone, a search was made. Not too far from the shrine, to which the pilgrims were going, they discovered his hat and pole carefully laid beside the steep incline down to the floor of the crater. He had ended life in the Japanese-honored act of suicide.

When the story had been finished, everyone looked at our guide; there was a moment of silence.

The next morning we found the entire mountainside covered with a thin layer



of snow. The white world was indeed a welcome change from the black and charred one in which we had been walking the previous day. The ashes and cold lava were reminders of the fact that not long ago this very volcano had erupted.

One of the girls and two of the boys were unable to continue because of the lack of oxygen and the cold when we reached the seventh station at noon. I must admit the rest of the trip was not at all pleasant, though the pace was greatly reduced and our stops were frequent. Just when I thought for sure I couldn't possibly take another step, Yashio shouted that the ninth station was just ahead and that it was but a few steps to the ulti-

mate top. Aching feet, lungs, and all other discomforts were forgotten as we tried to scurry the remaining yards.

All around us was an indescribably beautiful glow, as the weary sun bathed Mt. Fujiyama in her most glorious bath. Silhouetted against this background was the curled roof of the Buddhist temple which had inspired so many deaths. As we stood there, awed by the sight before our eyes, our guide at long last spoke:

"So you see the most magic spectacle of the Orient. Is it any wonder that the old man, of whom you heard last night, died in the ecstasy of this elation? Perhaps I shall follow in my father's footsteps when the time comes — who knows?"

Turmoil

By WALLACE FAISON

*Dashing madly up and down,
Back and forth about the town,
Streamlined autos, streamlined planes,
Streamlined trucks and streamlined trains
Carry people to and fro
Wherever they may want to go.*

*Buildings far above them rise,
Scraping along the smoky skies;
Elevators madly run,
Accommodating everyone.
Wires crackle — radios blare;
Another flash is on the air!*

*Through this turmoil steals the night,
Bringing again the stars so bright,
Quite unseen by those below,
Who run to catch the early show.
The brilliant stars that shine so bright
Are blotted out by the city's light.*

*Few pause to note if the moon is new,
Or care at all if the sky is blue;
Few stop to pass the time of day,
As they hurry on their way.
Hither and yon they push their way,
Distraught in this mad world today.*

Sukiaki

By D. J. HUGHES

ONCE upon a time, a few years ago, when I was in Japan, my family was invited to a Japanese feast. We, being newcomers to this land, accepted the invitation. Several evenings later we found ourselves rapping on the garden door of a prosperous Japanese businessman.

The knock was answered and we were led into the garden by a young Japanese girl, who was eager to show us her array of golden cuspids. We were then escorted to the porch of the house, where we changed our shoes for grass slippers. These shoes were made in only two sizes, too large and too small.

We were next taken into the tea room, where we met the rest of the family and joined in the drinking of the ceremonial

tea. This tea is green in color and is taken with a great deal of tradition. At this time, we were judged on our manners. The more slurping and smacking of lips we did, the more our host enjoyed it.

Next, we were led into another room and fed a tremendous feast. I can not even begin to explain the banquet our hosts bestowed upon us. There were white rice, brown rice, wine, pickled fruit and a dish consisting of meat, bamboo shoots, onions and vegetables, which was dipped in a raw egg.

After dinner we were entertained by each member of the family. Each one sang a song, played a musical instrument, or danced for us.

This whole celebration lasted for almost six hours and our host could see we were fast tiring. So he gave each of us a small gift, wished us good luck, and bade us good night.

Surprise

By DALE RICHARDS

*Listen to my tale so woeful;
It will take the prizes
If you think I like sincerely
All these grand surprises.*

*Boxes sent by mail are thrilling;
Auntie sent me many.
This must be that longed-for bonnet —
Books! Who's craving any?*

*Test surprises are distasteful
I would like to stay 'em;
Pupils lose their dispositions
Contemplating mayhem.*

*On the night my beau was calling
This is fun, or is it?
Uncle with his brat and doggie
Paid us all a visit.*

*Never more for me surprises!
Now they seem so silly;
Bob returned too soon from college,
Found me dating Billy.*

Sketches Of The Philippines

By RUTH ANNA TAYLOR

A NEW DAY dawned in Manila, and, upon opening my eyes, the first things I heard were the ringing of church bells and hundreds of the natives hurrying by in the street outside our house. It was a matter of seconds before I realized that it was Sunday and the bells were calling the different peoples of the city to worship.

The Filipinos are a very religious people and are mostly Catholic, but there are also large numbers who follow the Mohammedan faith. I didn't have to make my way to the sliding shutters to see the type of clothes they wore for these religious services. Knowing by heart exactly what they were bedecked in, I could lie quietly in my bed beneath the mosquito netting and picture the surging throngs that infested the street. The men would be wearing tan or gray cotton trousers, very loud shirts adorned with unexcelled embroidery, and slippers. The women would be lavishly dressed in heavily starched cotton skirts, which were full and stood out at the ankles, thin, stiff, embroidered blouses made of an organdy-like material, and a Spanish scarf (mantilla) on their heads.

Strolling down Dewey Boulevard with my Filipino amah, I could always see Hindu, Chinese, Indians, Japanese, Europeans, Americans, and, of, course, Filipinos, in the costumes of their respective native countries. The Filipinos

were easily distinguished from the rest by their small, slender form, brownish-yellow skin, narrow black eyes, and heavy, straight, black hair.

Dewey Boulevard was a favorite spot with everyone, not only because it is the coolest place in the city, but also because the palm trees waving in the tropical breeze were a lovely sight. From this same boulevard the most beautiful sunsets could be seen, and six months of the year the spectators could see the United States fleet in the harbor.

* * * * *

Usually typhoons pass through the center of the island of Luzon, but during the "baquio" season while we were there, two or three big ones came one right after the other. In the worst one of these storms the wind was so severe and so high that the rain was blown into the houses through the closed shutters. The next morning the water was knee-deep in the streets, ships, especially the old hemp boats, were tossed up on the shore, palm trees were uprooted, and nipa shacks were blown over.

* * * * *

The Filipinos are a very religious people. Ever so often they would have religious festivals. For these occasions the cemeteries would be brightly decorated, the people would carry lots of food, and would remain at the graveyards with lanterns to scare the evil spirits away from the dead.

* * * * *

After being in the monotonous heat of Manila, it was a great relief to go to Baguio, which is in the mountainous regions of northern Luzon, for a vacation of several weeks in the cool mountain resort. It

was a seven-hour car drive from Manila to Baguio, on narrow, winding, rocky roads. We saw the small native villages with nipa shacks, which are built high off the ground and are made of bamboo poles and palm trees. Under these little nipa shacks were housed all the chickens, pigs, dogs, and what other small animals or fowls they might own. Two of the most familiar sights were the women and men working in the rice paddies, and the tilling of soil by use of the carabao, which is the beast of burden.

Baguio has a wonderful climate and is noted as a wonderful health resort. The most interesting thing in Baguio is the market place where many types of mountain people, including the Igorots, sell wares of all sorts. They sell practically everything you can ask for — livestock, cooked food, fresh fruits and vegetables, and handwoven linens.

* * * * *

A very interesting thing in Manila is the lavendera's ironing with a charcoal iron. She has a little charcoal pot, makes a fire,

and when the embers are just right, she puts them in the iron. They do very beautiful work.

* * * * *

We lived in an old Spanish house which had been made into apartments for army families. The house, at least three hundred years old, was in the Cuartel de Espana on Gual Tuna just inside the old walled city. There were no windows in the house, but it did have sliding shutters to exclude the heat of the day and rain when necessary. Made of bakaca, it had very beautiful floors — alternate colors of light and dark at least a foot wide — which were highly polished by houseboys on cocconut shells. Some other unusual features of the house were the long corridors and the door opening to the street, which was protection against bandits in the olden days.

* * * * *

We were in the Philippines several years before the war, so of course, the customs and activities have probably changed somewhat since then.

Easy Living

By DEXTER STREET

*Sometimes the ground becomes my bed,
And pine boughs are my pillow.
The trees are a blanket over me
Which the breezes gently billow.
The forest makes a lovely home,
With a solid floor of richest loam.*

*The stars are a thousand city lights;
The moon a silver vase.
A soft green bank becomes my couch;
The vines are delicate lace.
Oh! I should never wish to roam
If the woods could be my home.*

Shir

By JAMES DICKENSON

SHIR WAS, without a doubt, the smartest dumb man I have ever known. This may sound like double-talk to you, but first, let me give you a picture of Shir and then you can draw your own conclusions. At least, you will agree that Shir was a real character.

We, my brother and I, first met Shir when he came to our apartment to apply for a job as a cook and number-one boy. At first, we had to strain every bit of our imagination to call him a human being. Shir was talking to my mother through an interpreter. He was of a medium build and he appeared to be about forty-two years of age. His head was lopsided and shaved clear of all hair. His eyes were set at the characteristic slant of the Asiatic race, and they were placed wide apart. Shir's teeth and jaw structure were the main characteristics that gave him the lopsided appearance. The teeth jutted out at various angles and I often wondered at Shir's ability to chew his food. His jaw had been broken at one time or another and it had failed to grow back together normally; this, together with his teeth, made him look like a dentist's nightmare.

With looks such as Shir's, we expected a real moron for a cook and I must say that at first we weren't very wrong. Shir had a knack of doing everything backwards. He would chop up the chicken when we wanted it roasted, and somehow he would give us pudding when we want-

ed ice cream. The only time his oppositeness came in for his benefit was when Dad threatened to fire him for some clumsy mistake. Shir came back and gave us a bowl full of goldfish for a going-away present. This softened my Mother's heart completely and all was forgiven.

After several weeks, Shir caught on to his job and then my parents bought him a regular cook's uniform. It consisted of a white jacket with a high collar which fastened in front and also a pair of black trousers, which were made in the "high water" fashion. Evidently, there was a method in Shir's madness, for he was the only cook who came to work with clean trousers on rainy days. Shir's cooking improved as his pride grew over his new found position. He even learned how to clean the kitchen after cooking, although he continued to gripe about it. Shir considered any menial tasks, such as that, beneath his dignity and he figured that the coolies should do it. He stepped in-line after several threats of being fired and nothing more was said about the kitchen.

We soon learned that Shir had cooked for some general during the war and after that I could see the resemblance to Army food. My brother and Shir soon grew to be fast friends and often, after spending the afternoon at the Teen-Age Club, I would enter the apartment and find my brother sprawled out on the bed with a lemonade in one hand and a plate of cookies in the other and busily cursing Shir in Chinese for not bringing more cookies. This did not hurt Shir's feelings in the least and he would curse right back and then laugh heartily at the whole affair. His cookies were always a big hit with the children around there. After he would finish baking, all of our friends would come up and clean the whole place out as if a swarm of locusts had just been through.

Shir's life was one of comparative ease and luxury. He had a monthly pay of

twenty dollars in American money plus whatever he could steal, and he wasn't a bit shy about removing various articles without our permission. Of course, he generally took only minor articles such as canned goods and the like.

Shir would often sit down and talk to us even though a proper Chinese cook would never sit down unless asked to do so by his master. My brother and I never bothered about formalities such as that and my parents didn't know the difference, so Shir continued to sit down and talk to us. He used to spend many an hour trying to teach us his name, but all we could get out of it was just plain Shir. Often he would ask us about America and what it was like. We tried our best to explain, but all he could envision was big cars and millions of dollars. Shir, like almost all of the Chinese, was impressed with the comparative richness of the Americans and the lack of control they had over their children.

One of the memories of Shir which I remember very well was a periodical physical examination which he was obliged to take. Shir didn't mind any part of the examination until the doctor wanted to take his blood for a special test. Shir almost died of fright; his eyes were tightly closed and he put his hand to his face. After the ordeal was over, Shir came out of the room rubbing his arm and busily talking to himself in Chinese. Evidently, he didn't like modern medicine and its weird practices. The next few days, he made a huge detour around the dispensary as if the very sight of the place would bring back his pain.

Shir's attitude towards religion wasn't very clear, but it generally showed a fatalistic trend. One day, my brother tried to explain about our religion to Shir. He told Shir that someday a "Big Man" would come down out of the sky and see Shir; all of this was said in a mixture of Chinese and English and it so confused the issue that when my brother finished his noble effort, Shir fixed another place at the table. He thought my brother had invited a very important person to dinner. Somehow, it has always impressed me as being a tragic piece of humor that Shir so completely missed the point. We never mentioned religion again without thinking of Shir and his interpretation.

In the fall of 1948, we were amazed to see the Communists make their drive out of the North. Shir accepted this with an icy calmness which characterizes the Asiatic philosophy of life. He had seen too many wars to worry about such a thing as those "weak" Communists. The situation grew worse and then one day we were told to leave Nanking at once. Shir, for the first time, showed concern as to what was happening. He helped us pack and, in return, we gave him all of the bamboo furniture and old clothes that we didn't need. Shir promptly took the goods and disposed of them downtown. He made quite a little sum of money for his efforts. My brother and I assured Shir that someday we would return and he could cook for us again. The last my brother and I saw of Shir, he was walking toward his home. It was then that we really appreciated him and all that he stood for.

A Trip Down The Pasig River

By SUE WILSON

THE SUN was shining brightly as we drove down to the small dock. A group of people were waiting on a thirty-two foot yacht. We had obtained the use of this vessel through special services of the U. S. Army.

We boarded the boat and someone gave the signal to "cast off". The crew, which consisted of three Filipinos, hoisted the ropes on board and we were off, on an all-day trip down the Pasig River, through Manila Bay and to White Sands Beach. There we were to have a swim in the China Sea.

As we cruised down the muddy Pasig, we were confronted by dirty natives staring from all sides.

It took us an hour to reach downtown Manila, where the Pasig flowed into the bay. Dear old Manila, smelly and crowded with speeding "Jeepneys", with their horns madly blowing; Manila with her "cartellias", with their little ponies trotting across the brick streets, torn up by bombs. Also the quaint, filthy little natives stealing wallets and watches of any unsuspecting tourist.

As we came out into Manila Bay and picked our way through the sunken battle-

ships, a big, black cloud appeared from nowhere. The rain came without warning and we dashed madly down into the cabin with all the food and clothing. My girlfriend and I were the only ones who wouldn't let a little rain spoil the trip. We perched ourselves on the very tip of the bow, clinging to a thin cable.

The waves were becoming enormous and it was all we could do to stay on the boat. When we least expected it, a "whopper" would toss the little boat up in the air and then set it down again. We would come down just about the time the boat came up again.

Finally, thoroughly soaked and weak from clinging on to the boat, we crawled back to the cabin. I almost didn't make it, though. While I wasn't looking, another "big one" came swooshing over the side and threw me to the opposite side of the boat. If I hadn't grabbed the railing, I would have been gone.

About this time, we passed Corregidor. It had taken us three hours to get this far, because of the waves. We didn't find out, until we got back to Fort McKinley that night, that we had been caught in the tail end of "Typhoon Irene".

After we went around the tip of Bataan, the weather cleared up and we proceeded on in high spirits.

The boat nosed into a beautiful little cove, which we discovered was White Sands.

The pilot had to anchor rather far from the beach because of the reefs. The water was beautiful and very inviting, so Jean and I dived in gleefully and were swimming around having a grand time when we heard one of the Filipino boys say,

"Oh, yes, there are sharks in this water."

Jean and I were out of that water faster than I could say, "Help!"

We feasted on fried chicken until we were blue in the face and then went to work on an imposing tan, which we already had well started.

About four o'clock we pulled up anchor and headed for home. The sea was calm and blue as blue could be. I could sit for days and gaze at that deep blue water.

As we entered the bay, another yacht came alongside and we raced back to

Manila. They left us as we turned into the Pasig. Too bad, because it was full of young American men.

I was dead tired and so was Jean, so we sprawled out and slept the rest of the way. We didn't move until we had docked back at "home-port".

We said farewell to our crew and presented them with a pack of cigarettes each and drove off. The sun was setting and the sky was an unforgettable pink. It was the perfect ending for a wonderful day.

Epilogue

To Have A Country

By ROBERT MASON

I AM AN AMERICAN. Like many other people I take it for granted. I didn't realize how lucky I was. My eyes were opened after returning from a two years' stay in Germany.

The trip was uneventful except for one thing. Every day about 1600 hours our hearts beat a little faster, for then we found out how far we had to go to reach "our country."

The last night I was on board, I found it very difficult to fall asleep, but at last I dropped off. I was asleep for at least six hours, but it seemed like only a few minutes. From the moment I awoke I felt that something was missing. I did not discover what it was until I reached the deck. Then I noticed that the whole ship was quiet. After two weeks of continuous movement and noise, the silence was a relief.

After dressing I walked up to the deck. There before me stretched the lights which I knew to be those of New York. Now I was home. It was a secure feeling for me — but what of the many people I had met in Europe who would never again know the feeling of "going home?"

To be an American —

Literary
Section

Double Trouble

By ANN SHORTT

"HURRY UP, Jinx! I've got to get home right away," Lois Jackson called down the corridor to her friend.

Evaline Braddock, better known as "Jinx", nodded slowly, took a few books from her locker and followed Lois out of the school building.

"Isn't it wonderful?" Lois asked.

"Isn't what wonderful?" Jinx asked glumly.

"Why, the bicycle picnic, of course!" Lois exclaimed, looking at Jinx in surprise. "What else could I mean?"

The girls were on their way home from a meeting of the Sunnydale High School Girls' Club where a vote had just been taken in favor of making the first event of the spring season a co-ed bicycle picnic. The vote would have been unanimous — except for Jinx.

But Jinx, much as she liked biking and picnics, cast the only blackball in the secret ballot box. Jinx did not go for the idea of girls inviting boys. Jinx was a girl with a problem.

"It's really great," Lois was babbling on. "The perfect way to usher spring in, you know. And a spring picnic is such a wonderful way to get a young man's fancy to turn to lovin' thoughts." Lois' eyes took on a faraway, dreamy look and Jinx knew she was thinking of Eddie, the boy she had begun dating a few weeks ago.

But a long weary sigh from Jinx broke



the spell. "It must be wonderful," she said, "knowing whom you're going to invite and knowing that he'll come."

"Oh, Jinx," said Lois, "I'm sorry I forgot about your problem."

"Well, don't worry," Jinx tried to say, "I don't have to go."

"Don't have to go!" Lois repeated. "Why of course you have to go!"

"Oh, Lois, what's the use of kidding myself? All the fellows in school know why I'm called 'Jinx', and simply nobody wants to take a chance on a date with me any more," she said.

Lois couldn't think of anything to lighten Jinx's worries. She knew it was true. Nothing ever happened to Jinx; it usually happened to her date.

Finally, several different boys had had dates with her and they huddled together and compared notes. Flat tires, skinned knees, muddy clothes, and "Jinx" got her nickname.

But still Lois was determined to get Jinx a date. Suddenly, something clicked.

"Jinx," she said triumphantly, "I have the perfect answer. You know Eddie came here from Lincoln High and Lincoln is only about twenty miles away. So why couldn't Eddie invite some old pal of his to come to the picnic with you?"

Stars danced into Jinx's eyes. "Oh," she said, "do you think he would?"

"Why not?" Lois returned. "And I'll make him promise to introduce you as Evaline. No jinxes on this picnic!"

The day set for the picnic was bright and clear. Promptly at ten that morning Eddie, Lois, and Eddie's friend, Charlie Winters, pulled their bikes up in front of her house. Jinx appeared as soon as Lois rang the door bell. Eddie managed the introductions.

"Charlie Winters," Eddie said, "Ji - - I mean, Evaline Braddock." Lois breathed a sigh of relief.

"Hi, Evie," Charlie said smiling.

"Hi," Jinx smiled back. "Glad you could come over for the picnic."

"Anytime," he said and he looked as though he meant it, Jinx thought. Oh, please, please, she said to herself, no accidents today. After all, Lincoln isn't very far away.

Even before the four reached the picnic ground, Jinx realized her wish was not granted. She had lifted one hand to wave to the others and off the bike Jinx fell.

Charlie stopped and asked, "Did you hurt yourself?"

"No," Jinx assured him, getting to her feet. "Everything's okay. It was kind of funny, though."

The strangest look came over Charlie's face. "How do you mean funny?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, really," Jinx answered. Perhaps there would be no more accidents for the rest of the day, she thought.

Accidents continued to happen, though — and all of them happened to her. The hot dogs were burnt, the marshmallows went up in flame, and when she took out her beautiful chocolate layer cake, it promptly slipped out of her hands.

At first, Jinx wasn't sure whether it would have been worse for the accidents to happen to Charlie or not. She only knew that Charlie looked stranger and stranger as each calamity occurred. Finally she thought he'd develop the same "no-date" policy just like all the rest.

"Evie," Charlie said as he walked her to the foot of the steps, "I had a nice time and I'm sorry all those accidents hapened to you."

"Well," she said, "they weren't your fault. The only difference today," she finished, "was that everything happened to me instead of you."

Charlie began to laugh. "Evie," he went on, "do you know what I'm known as at Lincoln?"

Jinx turned back to him curiously.

"Hard Luck Charlie!!" he declared. "And I have had that pinned on me ever since I began school. Maybe that's why everything happened to you."

"You mean," she asked slowly, "it wasn't my jinx after all?"

"Probably not," Charlie said.

"Then maybe," Jinx said, "if you stopped my jinx, maybe I could neutralize yours. Maybe," she hurried on, "after all two wrongs make a right, don't they?"

"Maybe," Charlie grinned, and the two of them walked up the front porch steps — without tripping once!

Formal Phobia

By WELDON SMITH

IT WAS Saturday and only one week before the Christmas Formal at one of this fair state's noble institutions of higher learning. And, think of it, I was going to the dance. I had been invited by a bewitching co-ed who was then quenching her thirst for knowledge at this citadel of female culture. This lovely young lady was currently the object of my ardent affection and felt it only proper that I should attend this pre-holiday to-do.

As soon as I recovered sufficiently from the initial shock of actually being invited to a formal dance, I bent myself to the task of mustering the army of accessories which fashion decrees must accompany that scourge of mankind, the tuxedo.

The fact that I danced like a not so dexterous elephant and hitherto had avoided all dances did not enter my muddled brain. I was so intoxicated with the rich wine of attainment that I could not have been bothered by such trifles.

My only misgiving was that I had only seven brief days in which to secure all the embellishments necessary for my debut. Saturday and Sunday I was too excited to accomplish much. However, I did manage to make a list of the adornments which I would have to secure to make me the beau of the ball.

Early in the week, with a zeal rivaling that of Napoleon, I besieged some of my less miserly friends with a passionate appeal for a tuxedo. I achieved nothing on Monday, but my fever went undampened. At last, on Tuesday afternoon, my heart-rending pleas attained their goal. Two of my schoolmates — bless their souls — offered me the use of their tuxedos.

Immediately after supper I paid a visit to one of the boys and was about to make away with his tuxedo when his brother halted me in my tracks with the ill-timed news that he would need the "tux" on Saturday night. However, he insisted that I would be welcome to use the "tux" some other time. The trip was not entirely wasted, however, for I obtained a pair of black shoes, size 8½ C — I wear 10 D — and a feather boutonniere of which I was very proud.

Wednesday proved much more fruitful. I went to the other boy's home and after much scrambling around in the attic we discovered a dusty old black suit. It was baggy and misshapen, but definitely a tuxedo. I tried it on and turned to face a mirror. My heart skipped a beat; it fitted! In the pocket of the coat was a shiny silk bow tie which immediately struck my fancy, especially upon being assured that "everybody is wearing them."

I took the "tux" to the dry cleaners and set out toward home with a light heart. That night my father spent a long session initiating me into the intricacies of tying a bow tie. I practiced with an old cotton tie of my father's and became adept enough to tie a decent bow with almost no paternal assistance.

On Thursday I went to a clothing store and bought a formal dress shirt, one of the pleated front variety. It was really very lovely, and I was immensely proud of my shirt with no buttons. Thursday night brought another combat between me

and the bow tie. I was becoming very proficient at the meticulous art of knotting a bow.

On Friday Mother went to a neighboring metropolis and bought a set of shirt studs and a linen handkerchief to go in my breast pocket.

I packed all these things into my suitcase, including a pair of black socks borrowed from my father and a pair of suspenders knitted for me by the sweet young thing I was planning to visit the next day.

I also included a clip-on bow tie which my parents insisted I carry, although I pointed out that I would have no use for it. For after all, hadn't I spent two nights learning to tie the shiny silk tie? To further convince them I stayed home Friday and practiced tying the shiny silk tie until I could almost tie it with my eyes shut. However adept I was at tying a bow tie, the clip-on tie went into the suitcase.

Immediately after lunch on Saturday I took the family auto with my compass set due north, and I had a very uneventful trip to the town famous for its associations with the mother of our first President.

I went directly to the room which my date for the week-end had reserved for me. I remember very little about the remainder of the afternoon. It appeared that the school was less of a nunnery on the week-end of a formal, and I have a vague recollection of strolling among stately columns and dogwood arbors with a young lady who must have been very charming. My mind was so enraptured by anticipation of the evening ahead that I must have seemed in a daze. My head descended from the clouds long enough to eat a turkey dinner, or was it chicken? It made no difference what the food was; I realized I had to eat. For all I knew I might be dancing till dawn.

I went back to my room and was jolted from my reverie by the lady of the house

demanding payment for the room in advance. What a rude, realistic world we live in. Even on such a glorious occasion as I was experiencing I must pause and temporarily devote my mind to pecuniary thoughts.

Perhaps this transaction was the root of some good, for in my daydreaming I could have never completed the enormous task of dressing myself in the scant two hours which remained before I was due at my date's dormitory.

The next hour and a half were the nearest to a hell-on-earth that I have ever experienced. It didn't seem so bad at first. I shaved — of course, I had already shaved earlier in the day and this shave was only an ego booster — and put on my underclothes with no unprecedented difficulty. Even though I had a little trouble buttoning on my suspenders in back, *after* I had put on my trousers, I still was unaware of the approaching ordeal.

Have you ever taken one hour to put on a shirt? Neither had I until this fateful night. My first hint of impending disaster was the studs. I was ignorant of the fact that studs should be put in before putting on the shirt and merely buttoned into place. After a brief struggle of about fifteen minutes, involving much reaching under the shirt front, I got it fastened, with the only damage a few wrinkles in the pleats.

Next I picked up what I like to call my forty-five minute collar button and thus began an experience never to be forgotten.

The button simply would not be fastened. I got the side next to my neck hooked, but no amount of twisting, writhing, or wrenching could fasten the other side. I turned my body into a weird series of contortions to no avail. The collar was tight and stiff and it seemed like an impossible task to secure that collar button. My body was covered in a profuse perspiration and I had nearly wrung my

own neck off before I finally united the two sides of the collar. I paused and breathed a prayer of thanks that I was not born fifty years earlier when the men had to fasten a collar button every morning.

As I turned back to my suitcase I stopped transfixed as a horrible thought hit me. I had forgotten to put on my tie before I buttoned my collar.

Damn a shiny silk black tie! After spending three nights learning to tie the fool thing I had forgotten to put it on. I had no idea of unbuttoning my collar. The thought of another trial such as I had just experienced was appalling. I fastened on the clip-on tie which I had

brought in respect to parental authority. Slipping — or rather forcing — on my shoes and socks and sliding into my coat, I paused in front of the mirror to survey the effect. The feather boutonniere and the linen handkerchief in my pocket completed my ensemble.

Was what I saw in the glass worth all the week's labor getting ready to get ready for this night? Was the image of me in the mirror an adequate reward for the repugnant thought of that scene of a few minutes ago? Did I look good enough in all my finery to pay for all the sweat it had taken to button that collar button?

You bet I did!

The Acorn

By PAT REMENY

*I hold an acorn
In my hand;
And in wonder,
Gaze upon it.
Whence came this
Wondrous thing,
And whither
Will it go,
When at last
I lay it in the rich
Warm earth?
On these things
Wise men
Have pondered
Year after year.
Yet there is
No answer.
Is there not one who
Can tell the story
Of the acorn
I hold in my hand?*

Ballad

By JUNE SIMMONS

*Outside the world was happy as could be
And tinkling bells chimed songs of Christmas joy;
The snow fell softly making not a sound
Much to the pleasure of each girl and boy.*

*But not so far away in a room so dear
A little girl lay still upon her bed;
With cheeks once red as roses faded pale
Nor could she move her little golden head.*

*Not even love with all its mighty power
Could e'er bring back the laughter to her face,
Nor make her tiny lips to smile once more,
For only God could cope with death's dread race.*

*And as the holy day was drawing near,
The Christmas angel on a throne of gold
Looked down upon the earth from heaven
so high;
All peoples of the world she did behold.*

*But as she glanced at houses gay with lights
One house she saw that had no Christmas cheer;
She looked into the window; there she saw
The little sick girl shedding many a tear.*

*"Why do you weep so hard my little one?
It is a time of joy this Christmas season."
"I want to see dear Santa Claus," wept she
"Oh tell me why I can't — just one good reason."*

*Quick as a flash of lightning flew the fairy
In lively haste to Santa's north domain.
And then into his sleigh jumped good St. Nick
And straight to the house of the sick little child
he came.*

*And as death's angel saw the good old man,
He, terrified at such a sight, soon fled.
The little child's sweet face grew warm with joy.
She shouted with glee and danced upon her bed.*

*Ever since that snowy Christmas Eve,
The sweet little child to whom all sorrows were
Has given to all the poorer folk in need
The self-same joys that Santa shared with her.*

Strange Night

By BOBBY CLARKE

IT WAS a cold, stormy December night in the South. The lightning was flashing, and the thunder was crashing. Boom! The thunder actually sounded like a volley of big cannons. Any person who has even read a story of the far South, where most of the Civil War was fought, might well imagine that the war had started all over again if he had been out on this certain night. The rain came down in torrents. If it kept on raining like this, there might be danger of a flood. Crash! "What was that?" Oh, what a relief! "It was only a falling limb," Barry said to himself.

What was this young man doing out in all of this rain? It seems as if Barry, a young hobo who called himself a man of leisure, had gotten lost on a country road. He was one of those fellows who kept his thoughts to himself. Although he never worked, he always had money. He was a typical man of the open road. He was tall, slender, and had a ruddy complexion. His hair was the color of sand. His eyes were like large pools of water. The cos-

tume he wore had once been a fashionable suit.

Our young friend pulled up the collar of his coat, shrugged his shoulders, and walked on in the downpour. He hadn't gone a half mile before he saw somebody standing by a tree several yards from him. He started walking through the woods toward the place where the person was standing.

"Hello," he shouted. There was no



answer. "Don't you know any better than to stand under a tree in a storm like this? Can't you talk?"

"Oh!" Barry cried as he stumbled. He didn't bother to see what he had stumbled on. He went several feet forward, and he tripped again. If any one had seen him walking like that, he would have sworn that he was blind as a bat or drunk.

When he reached the place where the person was standing, he noticed that the person hadn't moved. "This is strange," Barry murmured. "I say, where is the nearest farm house?" Barney asked. There still was no answer.

Barry felt really strange. What was wrong here? Was the man asleep? He reached out to shake the man. Instead of touching some wet garments, he felt a cold slimy being. He wanted to draw his hand away, but he was impelled to find out what he was touching. "My goodness! It's a statue!" Barry exclaimed. "What have I gotten myself into?"

He turned around and lighted a match, which he protected from the rain with his hand. To his right was a white slab or marker. He turned around again. There was a little rise in the ground. In the middle of this little ridge was a glass containing flowers. As far as he could see in that small illuminated area, there were little white slabs or markers. He was in a country graveyard! What a place in which to be lost on such a gloomy night. Barry lost no time in getting out of there. He walked in the very middle of the road after that.

Finally he came to a lane. As he turned into the lane, he saw a dim light in the distance. Slipping and sliding, he made his way through puddles and ruts toward the light. Suddenly there loomed before him a large house, which from the outline in the dark sky he judged to be very old. A large magnolia tree was on either side of the path leading to the steps. The steps led to a porch, whose roof was supported by large columns, distinctive of days long gone by. In trying to locate the bell, he grasped a large door knocker.

He knocked, and he soon heard someone moving about inside. Then he saw a light moving. The door was slowly opened by a little old lady carrying a lamp. With true southern hospitality she said, "Come in out of the rain."

Barry stepped inside and was glad of the shelter. There by the light of the lamp, he beheld one of the most pleasant looking old ladies he had ever seen. Her hair was as white as snow. Her eyes seemed to express welcome as she smiled

and bade him to remove his wet coat and hat. While doing this, he glanced around and was stunned by the old time grandeur of the place.

The staircase, rising on one side of the reception room, had about twelve steps to a landing which turned at right angles across the back side of the hall to another right angles, where about eight more steps went up to the floor above. The balustrade was a work of art. Each baluster was evidently hand carved. The rail on top of the balustrade seemed to be made of mahogany, which was very highly polished.

The little lady touched his arm. He had been so enchanted by the staircase, he had not heard her bid him come into the living room. There was a large fireplace and a fire that lighted the room so that he could see the grandfather's clock, the large deep chairs, and the hand-made rugs. Even though everything looked antique, it was so neat and clean, it fairly sparkled in the firelight.

Then the guest was introduced to the hostess's husband. He smiled, even though he appeared to be very sad. In the conversation that followed, Barry learned the reason for the sadness.

"We've owned this house such a long time. It would be a shame to lose it," the old man said.

"Now, now John. Don't you go fretting. We have a guest, and we must not bother him with our troubles," the lady said.

"Oh, don't mind me. I know it's none of my business, but just what is worrying you?" Barry asked, turning to Mrs. Smith.

"Well, we have to get five hundred dollars by the day after tomorrow to pay off the mortgage. I don't see how we will be able to do it."

"Can't you get a little more time to get the money?"

"No, we've been granted all the extra time we can be allowed to have," Mr. Smith said.

"I imagine you're tired, Mr. Law. Come along, and I'll show you where you're to sleep," the friendly old lady said.

"Are you sure I won't bother you?" Barry asked.

"Of course not. It's raining so hard, I wouldn't let you go out again," she said.

Barry was shown to his room. This was another large room with a few rag rugs scattered on the floor. There was also a very funny little wash stand with a pitcher and a bowl standing in a corner. The dresser was high. It had a large mirror on top. The chifforobe was very large. It had a door in the middle with drawers on each side. By the time he had observed all of this, he was ready for bed. The bed had four posters with a fancy canopy over it. When Barry crawled in, he nearly disappeared. This was because the mattress was so soft and fluffy. The blankets were very light, but they were warm.

Even with all this, Barry couldn't fall asleep. His thoughts roamed back to the old couple. Finally he fell asleep.

The next morning, the sun was shining brightly. Mrs. Smith went to Barry's room. She knocked on the door. There was no answer. She opened the door and walked in. The room was vacant. She called her husband. They found a note by the pitcher which read:

"To two of the nicest old people I have ever met in my travels I owe a debt of gratitude. I am not a poor hobo at all, but I am a writer traveling incognito. I believe you have given me an idea for a good story. As a token of thanks, please accept the money I'm leaving under the pitcher.

Barry Law."

Tears came into the eyes of the old couple as they saw the money. Now they would be able to keep their home, for Barry had left them a thousand dollars.

Rapture

By DOROTHY PILLOW

*When I behold this universe of ours,
This realm of Nature at Her very best,
Garbed in robe of verdant leaves and flow'rs
And guarded by an ever present Guest;
Then while I watch, gazing at the blue,
Like fleecy spirits, white, and light, and gay.
The clouds roll by — a great majestic view,
With all their pomp and splendor in array.
And while I wait for this fine show to pass,
My feathered friend is beck'ning from his nest,
Calling ev'ry lad and carefree lass,
Some inviting, bringing others rest.
Confronted by this wonder of all days
I can but lift my eyes to Him in praise.*

Musings

By DOROTHY McCALEB

I

The Chapel

*In the quiet stillness of the night,
The velvet drapery glows a dusky red.
Before it ardent prayers have been said
In the softness of the candlelight.
The candelabra and the cross shine bright;
The cross, on which the Saviour's sacred Head
Was bowed, and before which many tears
were shed,
Commands me now not to remove my sight.
I think how often in the years gone by —
Many a weary foot has stumbled here;
Many a weary soul, oppressed by care,
Has lifted toward his God a pleading eye,
And dropped his burden with a happy tear.
And gone, a new man, out into the air.*

II

Time

*Yesterday
All was bright and gay.
Yesterday
We could truly say
To Life!
Our cares had gone away.
To Life!
We love you, come what may.*

*Today
Our hearts no longer sing.
Today
There's gloom on everything.
To Life!
No longer are we toasting.
To Life!
The words now bitter ring.*

*Tomorrow?
Who can ever tell?
Tomorrow
May disaster spell.
To Life!
Our hearts with joy may yell.
To Life!
And may we live it well!*

III

The Bright Beyond

*The bright sky shone a brilliant blue,
The clearest hue of the deepest sea,
And, at that moment, I somehow knew
The future and all of eternity.*

*Beyond the skies,
Beyond the clouds,
Lay something which only I could see.*

*The clouds flew by from distant places
Beyond the vision of human eye.
I saw the Roman chariot races
And saw the Christian martyrs die
Across all space,
Across all time,
I caught a glimpse beyond the sky.*

*My heart was singing a different song.
A strange new feeling came over me,
For, just from my reach, the years rolled along
And the vision only I could see.
Above the mountains,
Above the hills,*

*My heart and soul appeared to be.
It seemed that through a thousand spheres
My heart no longer grief could borrow,
But, through its myriads of tears,
Saw somehow, free from blighting sorrow,
Within our hope,
Within our time,
A brighter, brighter world, tomorrow.*

Watch The Birdie

By GRACIA MASON

As I am listed as one of that highly intellectual group called seniors, who know all the tricks, and who look down on the other students with compassion, as if to say, "Oh, you poor kids. You just don't know what problems lie before you," I soon learned that I must have my pictures for the *Missile* made by February first.

I called the studio which was making the pictures and made an appointment for Saturday. By Thursday I was rather excited about the whole affair. That night after I had dressed in my faded blue pajamas I shut the door to my room and placed the bench in front of my dresser, which has a rather large mirror. Then I tiptoed to the door and listened. Everything was quiet downstairs, and I assumed Mother was reading a magazine. I didn't want her to catch me in such an embarrassing position as she found my younger brother. He was practicing shaving with Dad's razor when Mother sneakily opened the door. She startled him so he probably would have amputated his nose if he hadn't been careful and not put a blade in the razor. Having assured myself the coast was clear, I perched on the bench and put my feet under me. I smiled this way and that way. I grinned and I sneered. I tilted my head backwards with a laughing come-hither look, and I leaned forward in a serious, pensive

mood. Once I leaned backwards a little too far, fell off the bench, and nearly ruined my - uh - back. Mother came running to the stairs shouting, "Are you hurt?" Although frantic, I answered rather calmly that I only dropped some books. Then I stood in the middle of the room holding my breath till I heard Mother walk away. I don't know what kind of books she thought I had dropped to make such a terrible noise, but, believe me, I didn't stop to ask her. Feeling rather silly, I snuck into bed and buried myself under the cover.

Friday night before I retired I accomplished that cursed feat of most women — rolling up my hair. Every piece had to be just right. I tried it this way, and I turned it that way. After about an hour and a half I went to bed. Of course, it was early. It would be a major catastrophe if I had the slightest hint of bags under my eyes.

Saturday morning I jumped out of bed and ran to the mirror. Doom had struck. I was ruined. And so young. "Mama!" I screeched, "come quick." She came at full speed and found me with tears in my eyes and pointing to my nose. On the tip end of it was a bump the size of an egg. She assured me it was just big enough to see and helped me decide what to wear for the important occasion.

Since I knew the bus would probably be crowded, I put on my smallest hips and started on my trip to fame. I was so enveloped in my daydreams that I didn't even notice the fat woman who sat beside me, or should I say on me. I was going to become "Miss Most Photogenic of 1950." My picture would adorn every magazine cover in the country. The bus stopped and I got off and entered the studio.

Well, weeks later I got my pictures. I have one comment. Thank the Lord for that thoughtful boy friend who would say the picture was good if it looked like a mud fence.

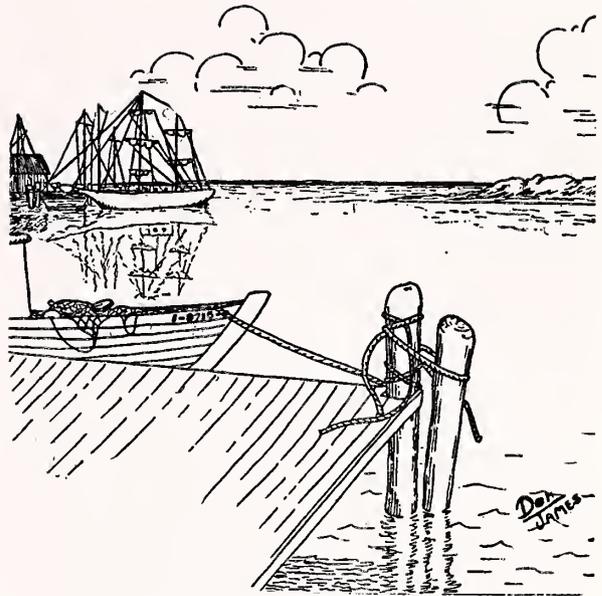
Bob's Adventure

By DONALD W. JAMES

BOB WALKED slowly down the boardwalk. He looked sad and sick. Every few steps he would look in all directions, as if looking for someone or for his home, but he knew well that he was far from home. Earlier that morning he had been playing on the beach a little way from Kenton Farm, where he lived. His attention had been attracted by two boys coming down the river on a crude raft. The boys came ashore and soon Bob had become a steady friend of the two lads from up the river. They played and raced on the long open beach, and when the boys began to get tired of this, they decided to leave. But there was no leaving without Bob. He jumped on the raft and in a few minutes they were on their way down the river.

Three and a half miles down the river, they went ashore at Burrowsville. This is a town of about 7,000 people with a passenger boat coming in at different times during the day. When they had reached here, they walked into the crowd going to and from the boat. Among the noise and confusion Bob had become separated from his new friends. All the rest of the evening he had wandered about the town, but could not find them. It seemed as if he would never find a way home.

So here he was on the wrong side of the river and a few miles down stream from where his beloved farm home was. The brilliant gold of sunset was now fading and night was coming on. He was



tired and hungry after a day of running on the beach and wandering through the town. But now just ahead he could see a small heavily loaded tanker tied up to the dock. All his life he had seen these boats travelling up and down the river. He began to run and never slowed down until he was halfway up the gangplank. He heard someone down below shout angrily, "Hey, get down off there, you." This frightened Bob, and he quickened his pace. In a second, he was on the deck and he could hear the running footsteps of the man as he raced up the gangplank after him. Bob turned to the right and ran toward the stern in the shadow of the cabin. Now another man dressed in oily dungarees joined in the pursuit. Just to the left was an enormous box sitting close to the wall. With one quick jump Bob was lying behind it flat on the deck with a coil of rope in front of him. Since there were no lights close-by, all was dark and quiet. The two sailors came running by but didn't see Bob crouched in his dark corner.

After lying there for a few minutes, Bob felt the engines begin to pull, and the boat lurched and headed for the chan-

nel. Even after the boat was well on its way Bob was too scared to move. About three miles down the river he ventured to lift his head cautiously, so as to see about him. Seeing no one near he slowly pulled himself up and went quietly to the low rail. Out in the night he could see the bright lights on the abandoned ferry landing about half a mile away. The landing wasn't far from the farm and he had been there many times. With one leap he was over the side and splashed into the cool water. The boat was riding low, so there wasn't a long drop. When he hit the water, he immediately started swimming in the direction of the lights on the landing. Bob was a good swimmer, but he was already tired from the long hard day. The current was with him and in a few minutes he was half-way to his destination. But then his breath started coming short and his muscles ached. But his strong heart kept him pushing on and he finally came to the pier extending fifty yards out in the river. If only he could find a place to rest. He swam to the right side of it and there found a board fastened between two pil-

ings. He clung to this as best he could and here he rested for a minute to get back his breath. It was only fifty yards to dry land, and with a new burst of energy he was on his way. The tide was out and had left a soggy mud flat along the shore. Bob reached this and started across it to the edge of the woods. His feet sank deep into the sticky mud, which hindered his progress and tired him more. With much effort and slipping he finally reached the woods. Through these he fairly ran, eager to get back to the farm where he had lived all his life. Through the darkness he stumbled and staggered until he was in the farmyard that he loved so much. He ran across it until he reached the porch. He hurried up the steps and flung his body against the door. It fell open and he sat down just inside of it. All the occupants of the house came running to him and fifteen-year-old Dick hollered, "Bob, where have you been all day, old boy?" Little Susie began to jump up and down with joy. Everyone was happy. So was Bob, but he only sat there gasping for breath. He couldn't say a word, for Bob is a collie dog.

My Key To Learning

By MARY JANE THOMPSON

*Everyone in every land
A hundred things he has at hand
With which to be content each day
Acting in his simple way.*

*Of all the pastimes there will be
A different one for each, you see;
As for myself I like to read.
A wholesome book is all I need.*

*This way seems best of all to me
Of bringing us the golden key
To things we surely ought to know
As onward into life we go.*

Freddy's Froggies

By DALE RICHARDS

NOBODY KNEW how long old Freddy had been in the pond, but some of the more ancient inhabitants of Pond Number Two claimed that he had changed very little. Aside from having lost the brilliant coloring of his youth, there was no difference. He hopped about on his large lily pad with the same enthusiasm and hrumphed and urged on the young frogs on the lesser lily pads in the same manner he had used with the young for countless seasons. He had become an institution; in fact, he was the pride of the pond.

When the young tadpoles had shed their posterior appendages, men came to Pond One and carefully banded the legs of the most promising before transferring them to Pond Two. These would go from there to Pond Three, where they would be scientifically tended and allowed to mature before they were sent out into the world to bring more fame to themselves, Freddy, and Fortune's Frog Farm. The less promising frogs were shipped out in lots as soon as they outgrew Pond Two.

Wasting no time on the others, soon after a new crop of froggies were dumped into his pond, Freddy began looking over the banded youngsters, and, in due time, there they were, as many others had been before them, lined up on their little lily pads listening to Freddy as he hopped and hrumphed about. The young ones became very anxious when they became ready for Freddy as awesome tales

of his wisdom and sternness had greeted them when they entered the pond, and they were all fearful that he might find them wanting. If this happened he was said to be merciless and was often known to hold the defenseless little creatures back for a whole season before allowing them to progress to Pool Three, where everybody had such a wonderful time leaping and hopping and croaking until far into the night. Each season there were several of these disappointed little left-overs, and they spread the most unbelievable tales of all about what Freddy demanded of the young.

Of course, those Freddy selected did their best to please him. They croaked their sweetest songs, they leaped, they hopped, they dived into the deep when Freddy hrumphed that he expected it of them, and he was most demanding. On clear days his voice could be heard the length and breadth of the farm, as he struggled to impart some of his wisdom to their little frog minds. Freddy trained his frogs well.

When men finally came to Pond Two to collect the little banded creatures for Pond Three they always went down to Freddy's end of the pond and picked up in their nets the ones around him. The excitement of the young knew no bounds. They leaped their highest to be among the first to get into the nets. Through this Freddy sat back in dignified silence, only reaching out occasionally to kick whom he considered unworthy back into the water. Oh, happy day for those chosen for Pond Three.

As Freddy jumps about hrumphing and hrumphing on his large green lily pad and hears at the other end of the farm the carefree cavortings of his former charges, one wonders what he thinks. As he listens to the splashing and splattering and midnight croakings one wonders if he doesn't often say to himself, "Why did I bother? Why didn't I just teach them to catch flies?"

Cause For Laughter

By BOBBY SCOTT

I

The Sonnet I Could Write About Your Easter Bonnet

*Direct from France, it's fashion's best creation,
And suits your personality so well;
E'en in the dark it makes a great sensation,
With glowing hues and tiny tinkling bell.
I say it's cute and tell its praise with ease,
Tho' only one who's 'neath the reefer's trance
And used to apparitions that he sees,
Could tell it from a dragon at first glance.
The tots all cower in their mother's skirts
When they catch sight of your new Easter hat.
It all just makes my ears burn till it hurts;
Had I my wish I'd feed it to the cat.
If you want true opinion from this man,
Your lid looks best upon a garbage can.*

II

Sir Patrick Spends

*The man sat in the public house
And as his meal he ate —
"Oh, where will I find a seaman bold
To sail this ship of state?"
And up and spoke an old grey gent —
"I know a sailor man;
He sails Missouri with his ships,
Finding fame where e'er he can."
And on he sailed to Washington,
This cocky little man,
Tho' all did fear a deadly storm,
With Congress Republican.
A billion here, a billion there,
A billion for defense,
Six billion for the starving horde,
He dreams in dollars, cents.
Sir Patrick Public has his fears
Of sure annihilation;
Each hard-earned dime now goes to fill
The coffers of a nation.
Sir Patrick drowns in worry and woe
'Neath Harry's vengeful axes;
He gasps to think that this life leaves
No nuthin' after taxes.*

The Will

By BILLIE PARKER

BEFORE I tell you my story, you must become familiar with my family.

There is my sister, Emile. She never married, and she's quite old, very proper and very sour — has been for a long time now.

Then, there's my daughter, Sally, and her husband, Ned. A fine boy. Why, I remember the first time I saw Ned. He came calling on Sally and tripped over the rug when he walked in the front door. And to think, he and Sally have been married five years now.

And my wife, Sarah, God bless her. She died just after Sally and Ned were married. They say she'd been sick for quite a long time. I never knew it, though. She wasn't the type to tell about those things.

Well, that's enough about my family for now, so let me tell you my story.

If you read this morning's paper you'll see that John Hallwell, the wealthy businessman, died and is believed to have left a large sum of money to his friends, family, and charities. I'm John Hallwell, and they're wrong. I didn't leave a cent to anyone. I brought it with me, and I'm waiting to see how they react before I distribute it. After that, I can go on to wherever I'm going. Whether it's Heaven, Hell, or Purgatory, I'll at least know that I didn't make any mistakes with my money.

I'm sitting in my lawyer's office now, and they're all here; Sally, Emile, Ned and Arthur Higgins, my lawyer. Emile's sitting on my lap, but of course, she doesn't know it.

They're waiting very patiently; that is, all except Emile; she's squirming in her chair (excuse me, my lap). I wish she'd be still; it's very uncomfortable.

Ah!! Higgins is taking out my will now. Oh! I almost forgot to tell you.

I exchanged my will for some blank paper. The only smart thing to do, considering there is none of my money where they can get to it. It might have been very embarrassing. He's discovered the blank paper, and he has a very surprised look on his face. I wonder if he was expecting a small share. I don't know why he should. He charged me a fortune just to help me make out my will. He has just told them about the will.

Oops!! Emile just blew a fuse. She is saying, "Why, that old goat; I was counting on that money."

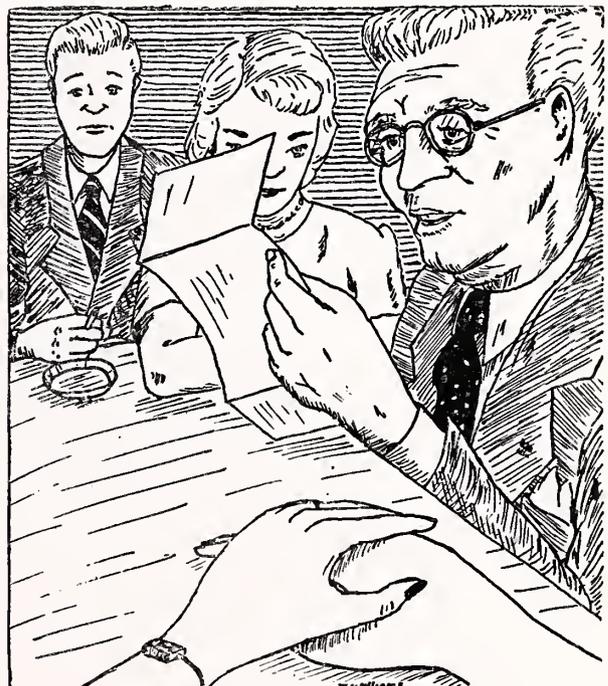
Sally and Ned are just sitting. They're surprised, but at least they're not like Emile. Good, they'll get most of it. When they get home, they will find it. We dead people can surely do some fancy tricks, can't we?

Now, to get rid of the rest of it. I might as well give Emile a little. I shouldn't, but I will.

Oh, my goodness!! My time is up. What will I do? I guess I'll just have to drop it along the way. I wonder what people will think when they see it raining money?

It's been very nice knowing you, but I really must go now.

Hmm, I wonder where I *will* go?!!



Just Twiddling, Thanks

By JOAN EVANS

*The man who twiddles his thumbs, they say,
Hasn't a thing to do.
He could be tired or bored, you know.
The reasons are not few.*

*If you've been sick and the doctor says,
"It's exercise for you!"
Twiddling your thumbs is better, you see,
Than scaling a tall bamboo.*

*And many thinkers, philosophers all,
Have been known to twiddle away
While pondering o'er some problem great
That faces the world today.*

The Sea and I

By GRACIA MASON

*I walked on the beach as the far sun rose
And watched the tide come in;
Surf swooped and curled up around my toes,
But then ran back again.*

*Oh, have you ever played tag with the sea?
It's as jolly as fun can be.
I laughed, "ho" — and "ho", came back at me
As I outran the sea.*

*I stooped to spread my blanket down,
Reclined and shouted, "Wheel!"
I rose and found my skirt all wet.
That darned ole playful sea!*

The Language Of The Gods

By DAVID LAUSHEY

FROM THE title of this opus I expect you to think immediately of soft, flowing melodies played gently and sweetly on the flute or of the master of the harp, strumming his instrument in a series of cadenzas which seem to swell to the limits of the universe and resound with a magnificence that could only be possible through the divine inspiration of God.

But in writing this, I had a slightly different thought in mind. This is 1951, so I shall discuss the music of 1951 and not that type of art that went out with the chariot. I will attempt to show you the godliness in our music of today.

Let me take, for example, a well known band leader, playing under the name of Gene Krupa. His music is so emotional, so inspiring, and so full of meaning. But I'm afraid he is very much misunderstood and spoken of in a manner very degrading and insulting to the type of ideas he is trying to convey through the medium of music. He, in my opinion, is trying to bring music back to nature where it belongs, and he is coming very close to doing just that. It is said that he once took a trip through the jungles of Africa to hear the complex beats and rhythms of the savages so that he could put them in his music for the rest of the world to hear. He wanted rhythm from the simple

folk, the people who were so secluded from this troubled world and who were experiencing an existence of happiness and gaiety, so long lost from the civilized nations of today. In listening to his music, I can see clearly the wild savages dancing and swaying to the weird beats and singing their old ballad-like chants.

Was I writing about godliness? The keen observer will note that I didn't say which god. Also, since I have apparently dropped my original subject of heavenly music, I suggest that from now on I use the word jazz instead of music, for music is a rather broad term and I don't want any misunderstanding.

It would hardly be fair to discuss American jazz without giving some note to the vernacular used to describe it. Strange as it may seem, this new language, recently sprung up in America, is beyond the comprehension of the sophisticated man. It disobeys practically all the rules of grammar, and the use of words is so distorted that I doubt if Webster, himself, with all his dictionaries, could make any sense out of the scramble of seemingly unrelated words such as are muttered in the excitement of a Kenton "classic." Let me take, for example, a conversation I overheard when I chanced to enter a rather low sort of establishment where a be-bop combo was playing.

"Dig me now, that bop will lay you and that cat over there blowing the ivories will send you just gone. I mean he's cool, cool."

Was this talk human? No? Then it must be inhuman which would be animal, and who is closer to God than the humble animals who know no wrong?

With that bit of rationalizing, it is best that I bring to a finish this essay, but not without one closing confession.

Good music is truly the language of the gods, but some of the trash we hear today sounds like the cursings of quite the opposite.

In Merry Mood

I

SEVENTEEN

By DALE RICHARDS

*When I have reached the age of seventeen
The time has come for me to sit and think
Of future years and where my talents lean;
In choice of my career I'm on the brink.
To sell, to type, to teach, to nurse, to act,
To travel far and speak in foreign tongue,
To travel far and speak in foreign tongue
The question is — What will become the fact?
And who are those that I shall work among?
I've pondered long and thought I had it solved,
This problem that is forced upon us all,
And then the thing is even more involved
And I must choose a college for the fall.
But where to go is what I'd like to know;
Perhaps somewhere that I can catch a beau.*

II

FRIDAY

*The day is just a promise
Of respite and release;
From nine till three we wait to see
The hour when classes cease.
O time of joy and peace!*

*I'm Friday's child — I love to think
Of week-ends filled with fun:
Of dances, games, and maybe dates,
Of pleasures soon begun.
I hope there will be sun!*

Delayed Action

By ENDERS PARKER

ONE MORNING very early before the population of Petersburg had too well awakened, Sal Rocco arose from a very contented state of slumber. He wasn't in too much of a rush to get started that day, but he didn't want to be hurried when his duties did begin.

The time of year was late September and the leaves were making their annual trip to the ground. But more important than this was that the baseball seasons all over the country were nearing an end. As the leagues were coming down to the wire, pennant and championship talk was common among people of the city whose team "was the best." And Petersburg was no exception.

The Generals, of whom Sal was a very significant and noted member, had been battling for the top rung in the Virginia League ever since they had been de-



throned by Emporia early in the season. They now were resting comfortably in second place, one and one-half games off the pace set by Emporia. This position was so, largely because of the booming bat of Sal, who had twenty-four circuit clouts to his credit so far this season. His runs batted in total also was hovering near the century mark, and with only two games remaining to be played, and these with Emporia, the Gens would have to take both of these to cop the pennant.

So, as tonight was to be the time of the first of a two-game set, Sal had more than his share of wishful thinking of the extra currency that would cross his palm from the receipts of the playoffs if the Gens took the pennant.

Soon after breakfast, he started for the ballpark to pick up his pet bats to hone into shape for the coming marathon. He arrived at about nine o'clock. He saw Amos, the club trainer, taking clean uniforms off the line as he walked into the park. Sal yelled, "Hey, Amos, where are my bats? I need them for a while."

"Well, Mistuh Sal, the last time I saw them was upstairs in the clubhouse," Amos replied.

"They take about as good a care of those bats as I do my car," thought Sal as he ascended the steps to the clubhouse. Upon arriving at the top of the stairs Sal heard a familiar voice greet him with, "Good morning, Sal." It was the General's owner-president, Red Barrow.

"I didn't expect to see you this early, but I've got something important to tell you anyway," Barrow added.

"I just came after my bats," returned Sal. "What do you have on your mind?"

"Well, Sal, last night a doctor of local prominence called me to ask that, if it were in anyway possible, you would go visit a boy in the hospital. It seems he is in dire need of a little moral support and the doctor thinks your presence with an autographed ball might do wonders for the boy."

Sal pondered a moment and then replied, "I don't know what I can do, but if the doctor thinks I can help, I'll stop by this afternoon."

"Okay," said Red, "and I'll see you tonight. And by the way, while you have your bats, see if you can't do something to them so they'll give the ball a ride tonight."

Sal chuckled as he walked out. He had been in somewhat of a slump the past week. It wouldn't hurt his batting average any to get hold of one or two tonight.

At about two o'clock Sal arrived at the Good Shepherd Hospital. As he walked in Doctor Miller immediately recognized him and said, "Glad you could come, Sal; I've been expecting you. I called Mr. Barrow last night."

"Well, if I can do anything, I'll be glad to help," replied Sal.

"Well, it is this way," the doctor began; "this boy, Billy Evans, has been recovering very slowly from a mild case of polio, largely due to his state of mind. He should be recovering much more rapidly than he has. So, I want to see if you can cheer him up a little."

They then arrived at the door to a room at the end of the hall. The doctor left Sal there and went on.

Sal went on in and the boy immediately looked up and recognized him. "Hi, Sal, what are you doing here?" he said. That the boy even knew him was a surprise to Sal.

"Hiya, Slugger," Sal responded. "I hear you've been having a little trouble lately."

"Well," said Billy, "I won't be able to use my right arm normally again, so what fun will I have sitting around while the other kids are having fun?"

"So what?" returned Sal. "The doctor said with proper exercise and play, it will be as good as ever."

"Nah, it will never be as good as it was," was Billy's reply.

"Well, I believe if you want something bad enough you will try your best to get it, whether you do or not. Anyway, you'll never get anywhere as long as you stay in bed. So, I counting on your getting out of that bed in the next week or two. And if you'll try, I'll do my darnedest to hit a homer just for you before Emporia pulls out of town," said Sal.

"You will?" was the boy's reply as he heartily agreed to the deal. So Sal left the boy with high spirits and content. Maybe he had done a little good after all, he thought as he left.

So, at about seven, Sal arrived at the ball park once more, to get in a few extra licks at the horsehide before the game got under way. As he slipped into his uniform, he thought of the harm it might do if he failed to tag one for the distance. But he temporarily pushed these thoughts from his mind.

Soon the stands were well filled and the cry to play ball rang out. All the nervousness and tension that had been built up toward this game was plainly showing in the young athletes' faces as they warmed up.

So the game started and dragged on in a pitcher's duel which was broken up by a home run off the bat of Jimmy Grant in the bottom of the eighth inning. Thus one of Sal's teammates won the first one for the Gens, but no home run for Sal, for he had been thoroughly given the horse-collar tonight. None for four had been his record. The Gens had won behind their brilliant righthander, George Blair, but this was of little importance to Sal at the moment, for he had only failed to hit a homer, but he had not one hit to show for four efforts at the plate. And he also knew Billy had heard it all from his bedside.

It was now six-thirty the following day as Sal had just called the hospital to tell Billy the deal was still on, and to give him one more chance tonight. This had delighted the youngster no end.

As the game time drew near he realized the necessity of living up to his word. And it was tonight or never, for tonight's game ended the regular season play.

As he walked on the field Sal glanced at the opposition's bullpen to see whom he would be up against tonight. Slowly warming up was the Nats' ace, Charlie Hiden. He was one of the most effective hurlers in the league. He had already pitched one no-hit game against Blackstone. He was as tough as they come in this league and Sal knew it.

Soon "Play ball" was heard and the game was under way. Neither team scored in the first three innings, but in the fourth, the Emporia Club put together a barrage of four hits for two runs.

Although Sal had given it all he had, he had done no better than lift an easy pop fly his first time up, and as he made his second appearance he was hoping for better things this time. As Sal strode to the plate, he was a familiar figure in the eyes of the staunch Petersburg public. He ambled nonchalantly to the plate in his usual manner, taking his time getting there. Once there, he took his place on the port side of the platter and took his warm up swings. Then he became tense and deliberate as he awaited the pitch. He stood a shade under six feet with two hundred and ten pounds of solid muscle built around his erect frame. He was just a twenty-two year old youth trying to make his way in the baseball world. But he struck fear into every pitcher's heart with his presence at the plate, for he was capable of breaking up a ball game at any time with a circuit smash or long hit ball, as he had proven all through the year with his lusty stickwork. So, even though he was in the midst of a terrific slump he still was a dangerous batter to cope with. This was made obvious, for on the third pitch he hit a screaming liner against the wall in right field to drive in Paul Varner, who had singled to open

the inning, but still no homer, only a double. This closed the gap of Emporia to one run.

So, the contest dragged on until the ninth inning in the same fashion, with the score remaining unchanged. The first man up for the Generals was their manager, Paul Varner. He singled sharply to left, being held to a single. The next man, Jimmy Grant, who had won the game the night before, pole-axed one down the right field line for a double to score Varner, thus knotting the score. Sal was the next man up. He tried not to think of what might happen if he failed to tag one for the distance tonight. But he pushed this out of his mind as he stepped to the plate. The crowd was roaring for a hit, and all the tension that had mounted during the strenuous contest was nearing the breaking point. The first pitch was a strike and Sal let it go. On the next one, Sal took a tremendous cut and sent a towering drive to right field which was a cinch to clear the barrier but was hugging the foul line. The crowd, on their feet at the crack of the bat, sank in their seats as the ball dropped foul by three feet. Sal missed a sharp breaking curve a foot as he struck out on the next pitch.

So, the score stayed the same until the twelfth inning in which Emporia counted three times to take the lead, five to two. The cause seemed futile as the Gens came to bat in their half of the inning. But the departing crowd stopped to watch as the first three men up walked to load the bases. Up stepped Sal, irked by his constant failure the past few days. He stepped into the first toss served up by Hiden and whaled it a country mile as fair as fair could be this time.

The season ended on a happy note. The Generals won their decisive game six to five and with it the pennant, Sal got his twenty-fifth home run, and it is said that a young athlete named Billy Evans is being considered for the captaincy of the 1951 baseball team.

A Song

By JOYCE MUNFORD

*A song is but a group of words
That start a perfect day,
And when the heart is full of grief,
It brightens life's dark way.*

*A song is what a person sings
When all seems quite in vain.
It seems to lighten soul and mind,
And all is right again.*

*What would this worldly life be like
If there were no song to sing?
In my opinion, it would be
A mighty dreary thing.*

The Moon

By SEATON SMITH

*The silvery moon is floating through the sky
And sailing silently sheds its shining light,
As it travels slowly on its nightly flight;
It drifts so lightly beneath the stars on high,
Heedless of dawn which must be drawing nigh,
But lending light to travelers of the night
As they plod their onward way with all their
might,
Its radiant light, a heavenly sight in the sky.
Sometimes I wish like this messenger to be,
To cast on those of God unknown a ray
As I sail and glide o'er land and sea so free;
Then all my troubles would fly away like the
day,
In lending others a helping hand as I sail
And hope the light I cast will never fail.*

“Continued On Page 231”

By JOAN EVANS

WHOWER INVENTED the “continued on page such-and-such” used by magazines in stories, articles, and the like, should be taken out on a dark night to the nearest lake and pushed in with an anchor tied to his feet.

The other night, having nothing to do, I picked up the latest issue of *Glamour*, the magazine “for the girl with a job.” Of course, I’m not a working girl at the present, and I don’t have even the slightest notion of becoming one, but you never can tell what might come in handy some day.

However, that is neither here nor there. After wetting my index finger slightly with my tongue in the manner recommended by Emily Post, I opened the magazine and began scanning the articles.

My eye was soon caught by an article entitled the “Life and Loves of a New York Private Secretary.” From the title and the illustration of the article, I gathered that it was quite a story, so I made myself comfortable and commenced reading.

And what a story! This girl had once almost been killed by a rejected lover. Seems that she was watching television one night and was so interested in the screen that she hadn’t heard the door op-

en. She was practically scared out of her skin when all of a sudden he That was where the “continued on page 231” came in.

Naturally, I turned immediately to 321. Finding, however, there were only 250 pages in the magazine, I came to the conclusion that it must have been 213 instead. While thumbing through the pages, my eye was caught by an article, “How to Appear More Attractive to Men.”

What true blooded American girl could resist that? So, after discovering that if I’d just have my face lifted, dye my hair another color, gain about ten pounds, grow three inches shorter, and change my name all my troubles would end, I again started for the story.

Upon hitting page 123, I again discovered that I was on the wrong page, but there was a picture of a gorgeous dark green dress on that page. Naturally I must have a discussion with Mother about clothes, and wouldn’t she please let me buy one since it only cost ten dollars? However, Daddy soon stepped in and stopped that “tete-a-tete.”

So, back to the story. This time, by the process of elimination, I hit upon page 231 — the page I should have looked for in the first place. Now at last I could find out what happened.

But, fate was against me. For, on page 232 there was an ad featuring cheese sandwiches. Now there’s nothing I’d rather have than a grilled cheese sandwich and a coke, so - - -

Oh, well, I don’t guess the story was too good after all. It was probably just a lot of whooey and I wasn’t in a good reading mood anyway. That sandwich surely tasted good, though.

Spring Is A Bird

By DICK GOFF

*Spring is a bird, who, timid and wary,
Haltingly, warily hovers about,
But bursts into view as winter lies dying.
He brightens the land, so light and airy,
He's jolly, happy, and wants to shout
That he's back, rejoicing, exuberant, flying.*

*His feathers are leaves, new grass, the flowers.
His beak, the crops, the sprouting grain;
His eyes are the sun, so warm and bright.
The earth rejoices with new-found powers.
Spring moves north, over hill and plain,
Forever restless, day and night.*

The Golden Waltz

By BOBBY HARRIS

*Like graceful dancers at a ball,
The golden grain sways to and fro,
And every waltzer large and small
Weaves in and out and bows down low.*

*With perfect teamwork, perfect time,
As only Nature can create,
The wondrous dancers smooth as rhyme
Bow and rise in royal state.*

*See all the dancers weave and bend
With faces lifted toward the sky.
They, as the dance comes to an end,
Bow down as King Wind passes by.*

Blow Wind Blow

By SALLY KNIGHT

THERE! There it was again — that whining in the trees. Connie's fingers trembled a little as they expertly wove the bobbins into the pattern of lace.

Why — oh, why had she persuaded her papa and aunt to go into the city, forty miles away, and leave her at home alone, simply because she had wanted to finish her last piece of lace for the lace dinner cloth?

Before her aunt had left that morning, she had said to Connie, "My, how odd the sky looks today! Are you sure you don't want to come with us?"

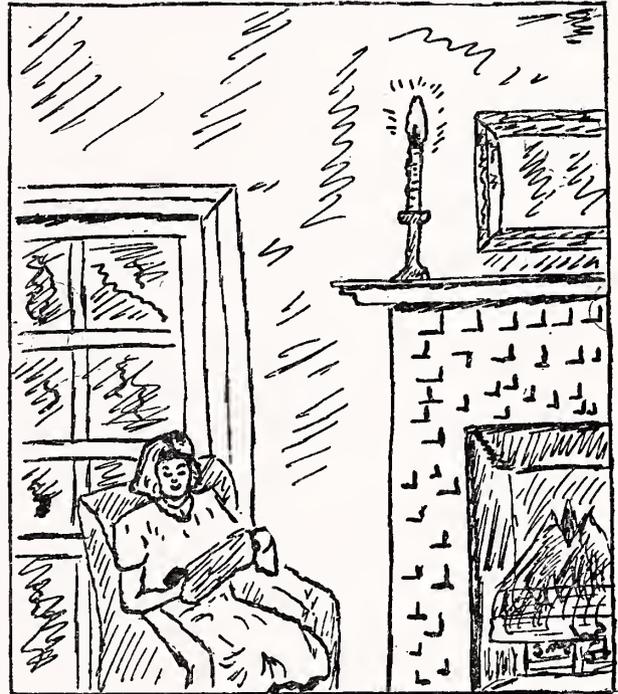
"I promised myself I would finish my cloth before Manuel came home. He will be here tomorrow, so I must work today."

Connie would have the most beautiful trousseau in the whole world and make Manuel proud she was his wife. Connie was lame and had never dreamed any young man would ask for her hand. Week after week, when Manuel had waited after church to walk home with papa, she had never believed it was because of her. And when papa told her that Manuel had asked for her hand in marriage, she was completely amazed.

But now, alone in this isolated house, she could hear the wind rising. She glanced down at her twisted leg and her mouth tightened. Ever since that day

ten years ago when, a dancing, frolicking child, she had been pinned under a piece of the roof, torn away by the hurricane, Connie had had a complete terror of the wind. The old village doctor had mended her mangled leg as best he could, but there would always be that dragging limp.

Now the wind was screeching through the leaves with an increasing tempo. Connie's fingers trembled until she could barely hold the bobbins in her hands.



Suddenly there began a banging, a crashing at the back of the house. Connie knew there was no doubt about the wind. She laid down her work and slowly went to close and bolt the shutters and doors. She could hardly bear to step into the open patio. She closed her eyes and felt her way along the wall while the wind tore at her skirts. As she was closing the last shutter, she realized how dark the house seemed, and she was even more afraid. She thought of the com-

panionship and closeness of the houses in the village, but she lost all hope of trying to run there, as she couldn't even see it through the blinding wall of rain.

Suddenly Connie's heart skipped a beat. A terrible thought struck her. When Manuel had gone away, he had left his beautiful dog, Red, in Connie's care. She remembered he had said he could trust Red with no one but her. Her aunt did not care for animals, so Red could not be kept in the house. Therefore Connie had made him a good home in the boat house down near the river, and that was where he was now — locked in.

With the wind getting wilder all the time, as it was, she knew the river would soon be rising. If she did not go to Red, she knew he would soon be lost in the flood. She also knew she could never face Manuel if she left Red there to die. She could see the love and trust in Red's eyes and feel the soft head in her hands. Imagining herself pinned down by debris, she unlocked the door and stepped onto the patio. The furious wind pulled at her clothing and she could barely stay on her

feet. Inch by inch she fought her way along. Suddenly she was thrown against a bush and found herself face downward on the ground, stunned but unhurt. The bush was a slight protection, so she remained there for a moment. Rising slowly to her feet, again she staggered forward.

After what seemed an eternity, she reached the steps of the boat house, which were already well under water. While fumbling with the lock, she could hear Red inside, whining softly. Then he was jumping on her and licking her face in gratitude. The way back, before the wind, was considerably easier than dead against it. Once a heavy object crashed just beyond her head. This hurried her on.

Late that night when papa and auntie came home, frantic with worry, they found Connie sitting contentedly in the candlelight with Red at her feet, a pile of lace on the table. Proudly she thought that Manuel Lanza's wife might walk up the aisle with a limp, but she would not be a coward.

April Showers

By SEATON SMITH

*The sun
Was shining so bright;
The clouds came passing by;
The face, hidden from view, smiled
Through tears.*

Light

By WELDON SMITH

*Knowledge
And dawn are one,
They end all fear and wonder.
Strife and darkness cease — — — and left
Is light.*

Square Dance Incident

By MAC FRANCIS

EVERY OTHER Saturday night there was a square dance at the camp lodge. It was for the counselors and older campers. They put the younger ones to bed before taps and then we got started.

A couple of us boys were fortunate enough to have dates from the nearest town, Weaverville, which was seven miles down a mountainous road. Most of the counselors dated Asheville girls, but we weren't that lucky this time.

Canie and I had talked about this for several days and we were all keyed up when Saturday rolled around. They had a scrub social on Saturday morning for the whole camp, but we decided to wait until that afternoon to take our showers so we wouldn't have as much time to get dirty. We were paying great attention to all such particulars as this and didn't want anything to go wrong.

Sometimes they let you go in on the "Black Beetle", our camp bus, to get your dates, but there was an extra large crowd of girls coming out for this square dance, so we had to tell the driver where to pick them up and wait until they arrived.

We watched the younger campers play their games and eat their ice cream and cookies (this was their party so they wouldn't feel slighted). Then call to

quarters blew and off they treked to their cabins. We smiled fatherly as they stared at us all dressed up waiting for the bus.

As the headlights turned around the corner of the road in the hemlock grove, I just remembered that I hadn't seen the girl that I had a date with. That made me feel a little funny, but I knew she would be with Canie's date and he knew her, so I didn't have much to worry about as to finding out which one she was. I only hoped she would be a little cute.

Her name was Dot. I've forgotten the last name now. Nothing extraordinary — let's just say above average. Anyway, what can you expect from a little place of about nine hundred people?

I asked her how she liked the campus — as much as she could see of it, because it was pretty. She seemed satisfied with everything, so we proceeded into the lodge where things were just beginning to hop.

We ran through a couple of quadrills just to get things started off and then got into full swing with the Georgia 'Rangatang, an old favorite in western North Carolina. The calling was about the best we have ever had. We had a few exhibition numbers from the Folk Dancing team of which Canie and I are members. This impressed the girls quite a lot. About ten thirty we had our refreshments of punch and cookies.

After we had done "Jenny Crack Corn" and "The Paw Paw Patch", we were pretty well fagged out and decided to show the girls our cabin and places of interest such as the lake, the athletic field, and Inspiration Point, our outdoor worshiping place. The program director told us to be sure and be back by twelve because the bus was going to take the girls back at that time.

We showed them all around, and about ten minutes before twelve we heard a horn. We were in the council ring explaining the meanings of the wind gods

and the thunderbird. I looked at my watch and said we'd better go, so we walked back to the parking lot.

I didn't think it had been ten minutes since we heard the horn, but when we got back to the lodge they were turning out the lights and the bus and cars were gone. This sort of worried all of us, and the girls started asking embarrassing questions such as how they were to get home.

Well, lucky for us, a car drove up in about a half an hour bringing back one of the counselors who had been in Asheville that day. It was his parents. We asked them if they would please take us to Weaverville. As I look back on it now, that *us* was mighty stupid as you'll soon see.

We got the girls home safely about one o'clock; the man and his wife went on to Asheville.

There were rumors about the people who were attacked on those mountain roads. We didn't know whether to believe them or not. We waited on a corner where the bus would pass by when it came back from Asheville. This was all

in vain, though, because the bus usually went by Skyline Dairies and stopped for quite a while for the couples to get milkshakes and banana splits.

Canie and I carefully chose several large rocks with sharp points and we found one pretty sturdy tree limb. We started off and had gone about a mile and a half when the moon started rising over the mountain. It hadn't been so bad before, but with the shadows and the mountain breeze that is always present it was enough to make you think you were with Ichabod, but whistling didn't do any good.

When we finally did get to the camp entrance at about three-thirty after stopping several times for what we said was a nap, we heard a rumble down the road, and around the curve came the "Beetle" followed by two cars!

Whenever they have another square dance we don't dare venture off when it's about time to leave, and we're always ready to go because we met two girls from Asheville and eighteen miles is a little too far to carry a sharp rock and a long tree limb.

Mischief

By DALE RICHARDS

*Brown pup
Barking gayly
Chasing tail and shadow
Chasing sun rays, flies, and motors.
Dog gone!*

Rainbows

By CONNIE FOCKLER

*Nature
Hangs her washing,
'Cross a wide expanse of blue,
Gowns of many colors forming
Rainbows.*

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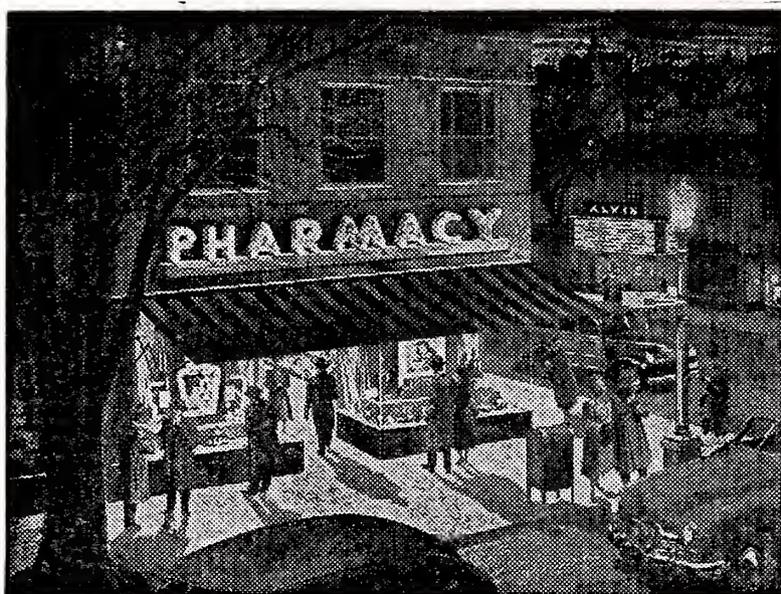
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